Vol. CXXXI. No. 1709.

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THE BYSTANDER, SEPTEMBER 16, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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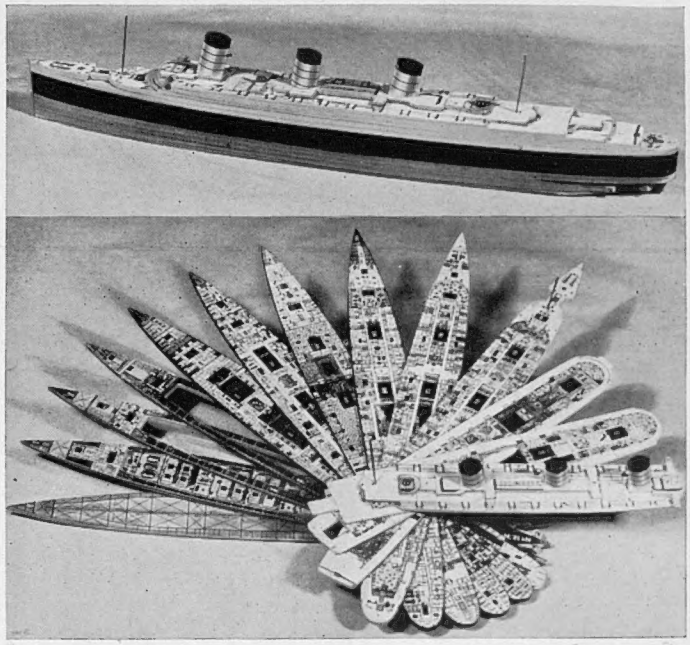

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The Bystander

Peter North

Waveney and Audrey Carten—Playwright Sisters

The Carten Sisters shared author's honours last night at Wyndham's with Jacques Deval, whose play, *Mademoiselle*, they translated for Noel Coward to produce. It has Isabel Jeans, Madge Titheradge, Greer Garson, and Cecil Parker in it, and décor by Gladys Calthrop. It is their seventh collaboration as playwrights—*Happy Families*, *Fame*, *Late One Evening*, *Gay Love*, *Destination Unknown*, and *Strawberry Leaves* make up the rest of their list. Audrey Carten acted before she wrote, made her debut in 1920 in Shakespeare, acted several times with Gerald du Maurier, and made her biggest hit with him and Tallulah Bankhead in *The Dancers*. Waveney Carten is Mme. Vladimir Provatoroff in private life; she has been out to Brioni this summer for her holiday

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

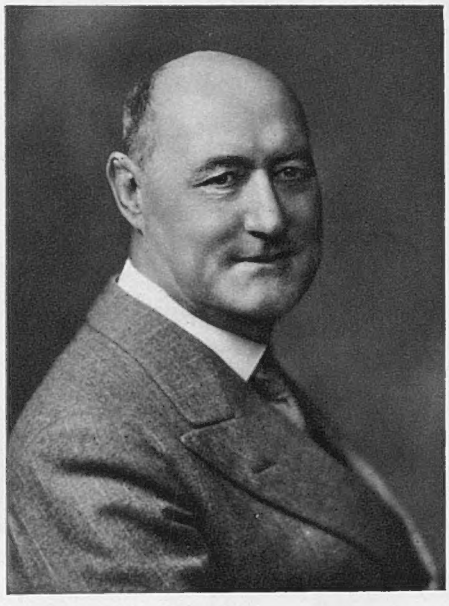
By A. G. Macdonell

HIS MAJESTY'S informal holiday off the coast of Dalmatia gradually developed into a diplomatic tour of the very highest importance. When German influence is so steadily being forced into the Balkans, the King's circuit is the finest possible way of reminding that troublous area that such a thing as the British Empire still exists. Dr. Schacht may be a very clever man, but we have an ambassador that completely eclipses any other in the world.

THE Government is going to stand no more from the Arab terrorists, and the decision to send a powerful force to settle the business once and for all is welcomed on all sides. The future of Palestine is a very complex and tricky business, but it is not going to be settled by the bomb or the bullet from an ambush.

THE French reply to the German reply to the Russian reply to Japan is announced. Nearly sixty million pounds sterling is to be spent on re-armament next year. So the terrible wheel goes spinning round faster and faster. Each nation must increase its armaments in order to get security, and with every increase each nation becomes steadily less and less secure.

THE split in the solidity of the French Front Populaire may have serious consequences. The Communist leader has come out uncompromisingly for intervention in Spain on behalf of the Spanish Government. From the purely technical point of view of international law and usage, he is undoubtedly on firm ground. Legally, a constitutionally-elected Government is perfectly entitled to buy arms abroad for the suppression of a rebellion. But if ever there was a case for ignoring the letter of the law, this is it. The Government's firm stand beside M. Blum for the enforcement of non-intervention is the only sane policy.



Sir Francis Joseph

Leaves for South Africa on the Winchester Castle early next month; he is to represent the Federation of British Industries at the Jubilee Exhibition in Johannesburg. Sir Francis, who was president of the F.B.I. until succeeded by Lord Hirst last May, will be accompanied by Lady Joseph and his daughter, Miss Rosamond Joseph

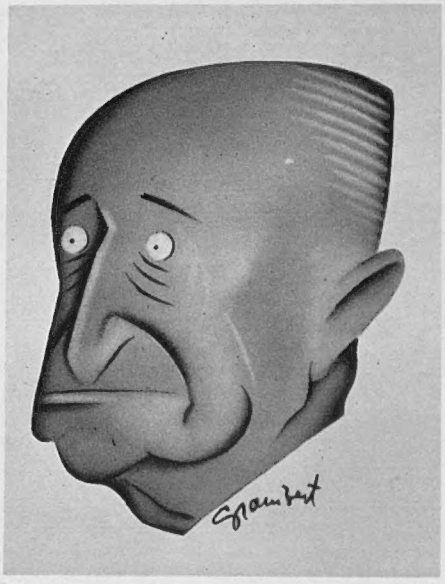
HITLER'S Nuremberg speech did not, after all, announce any new legislation against the unfortunate Jews. On the other hand it made a loud and emphatic demand for the return of the German colonies, and thereby has increased the difficulties of our pro-German boys. There are only three places in the world from which this German appetite can be satisfied without bloodshed. Dutch colonies and Portuguese colonies could be stolen by Germany to-morrow and Holland and Portugal could do nothing in the way of resistance. But could even this cynical, material world indulge in such a supreme act of cynicism as to sit back and watch such a blatant theft?

THE third place from which Germany could be satisfied is the British Empire. The people who seem to think that I am Stalin's nursery-pal may be surprised to hear that I am against the surrender of British territory to anyone.

But I would like to repeat a suggestion I have already made in these pages, that Germany should begin the process of reassembling its colonial empire by taking the Caroline Islands and the Marshall Islands back from Japan. Wow.

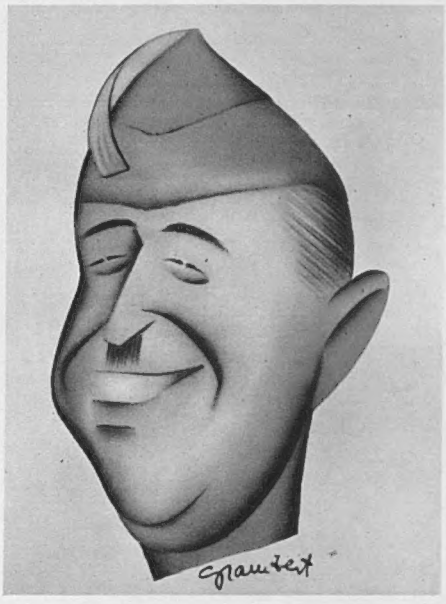
PORTUGAL, in the meantime, is playing a lone hand in defying the Committee for the supervision of neutrality. When the Committee met this week in London, Portugal's seat was most palpably vacant. There could be no doubt about it. There were representatives of everybody else, but no representative of Portugal. Now is the moment for Britain to show just exactly how sincere we are. Do we mean business in convening this Committee or do we not? Or is it that we are afraid of the navy of our oldest ally?

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S courage in visiting Germany has been completely justified. He has been hailed everywhere as if he was an allied sovereign instead of as one of the authors of the detested Treaty of Versailles. Southern Germany especially has let itself go about him. The reports speak of cheering crowds, roads lined with people, flags, terrific enthusiasm, and so on. It is really mysterious. Crowd-psychology is a rather strange thing, and this enthusiasm in a Nazi country over a Radical who, more than any other man, smashed the German war-machine, is an inexplicable manifestation of it.



Largo Caballero, Prime Minister

Señor Caballero took over the Premiership of Spain from the moderate Señor Giral, with a Cabinet including six Socialists, three Republicans, two Communists, one Basque Nationalist and one Catalan Autonomist. He also became War Minister



General Franco, Rebel Leader

General Franco, General de Llano, and General Mola (the rebel commander) are the big three of the insurgent heads, operating in the regions of Malaga, Seville and the Pyrenees respectively. These two drawings are by Grambert, the French cartoonist

IT is only natural that Mr. Baldwin's health should once again be the focus of many rumours. His decision to prolong his holiday and not to address the Conservative Party meeting at Margate on October 2nd looks as if the Premier has been suffering from even greater nerve-strain than was expected. On the other hand Mr. Baldwin has a way of popping up again when everyone is expecting his resignation, and he would be a rash man who would make any predictions. Needless to say, the P.M.'s

Mr. Masefield Leaves for the U.S.

The Poet Laureate and Mrs. Masefield were boarding the Aquitania boat-train when this photograph was taken. Mr. Masefield is to attend the tercentenary celebrations of Harvard University, although an honorary D.Litt. of Oxford (John Harvard was a Cambridge man)

place at Margate will be taken by the "Iron Chancellor."

THE centenary of the birth of Campbell-Bannerman recalls that famous phrase by which ultimately the friendship between South Africa and Britain was made possible. Botha said afterwards that when he heard that "C.B." had denounced our military methods in the Boer War as "methods of barbarism," he realised that there was still hope of reconciliation. Campbell-Bannerman was an honest and courageous man if ever there was one.

A QUEER story comes from Italy. "The new philosophy of Italy's military leaders" is to encourage the troops to sing on the march. It is difficult to see exactly where the newness of the idea lies. Some of the greatest of all tunes have been the songs with which the infantry of the world have encouraged tired legs and blistered feet, notably the French songs of Louis Quinze and of the Revolution. Incidentally, the Italians had some pretty good ones themselves during the World War.

JEWS are no longer allowed to be bookies in Germany. If the idea ever spread to this country, half of Mr. Tom Webster's occupation would be gone at a blow. His heavily cigarred, be-diamonded bookie is as famous a character as his Melbourne Inman or his Chelsea Football Club Director.

IN a world that is steadily getting crazier and crazier, anyone who can provide us with a good hearty laugh deserves well of the State. Such a one is the gentleman who literally took a bus home. Wanting to go from Swanley in Kent to Ealing, he found a bus, but no bus-service. Assuming the quadruple rôle of driver, conductor, passenger, and Lord Ashfield, the hero invented a new route for the London Passenger Board and inaugurated it himself. He is at present anonymous. I hope I am not aiding and abetting a felony when I say that I sincerely trust he will succeed in remaining so.

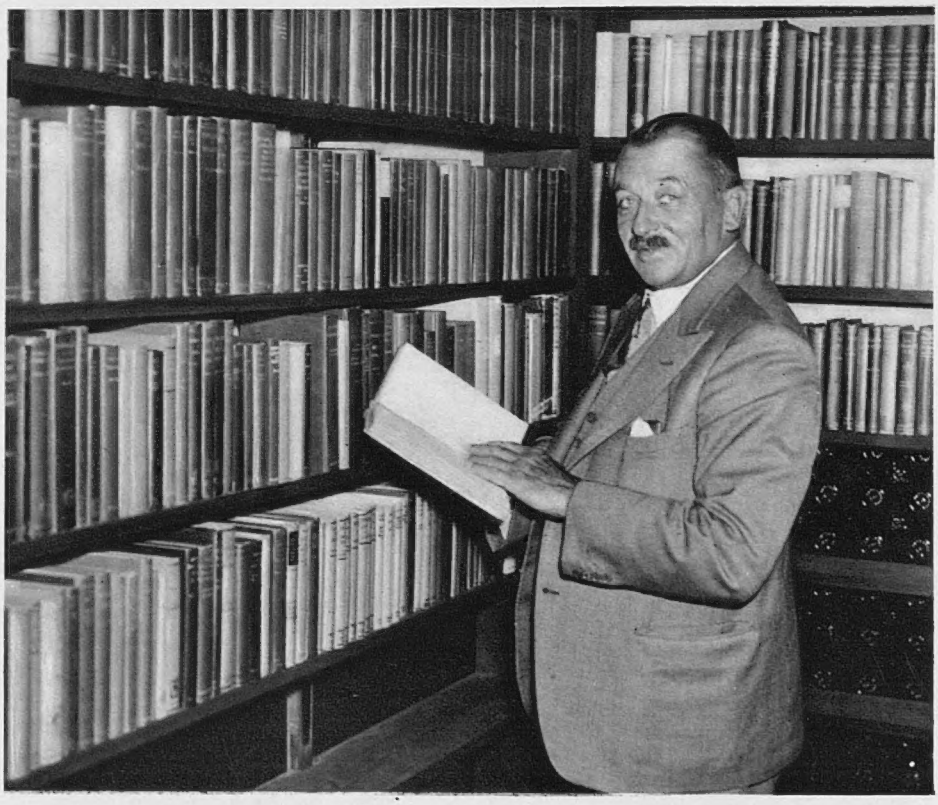
IT will be another insult to my unhappy country if the Mint decides to abolish the threepenny bit. Scotland has to put up with a good deal these days—we have even got to endure the almost unparalleled existence of an Englishman as Prime Minister—but the loss of the threepenny-bit would be the last straw.

THE Swindon motoring case is of great importance to all car-drivers. The pursuing police-constable was in plain clothes; his evidence was entirely uncorroborated; he estimated the speed of the accused man's car from his own speedometer when he was admittedly overtaking hand-over-fist. Surely there is something wrong here.

A NEW squad of British public-school boys has just sailed for America to spend a year in American schools. They are scholars under a scheme founded by the English-Speaking Union, and get their year free. I was talking the other day to a young American to whose school one of these Englishmen had gone from Rugby a couple of years ago. Apparently the Rugbeian's skill in punting a football while running at full speed created a furore for miles round and practically revolutionised the American football in the district.

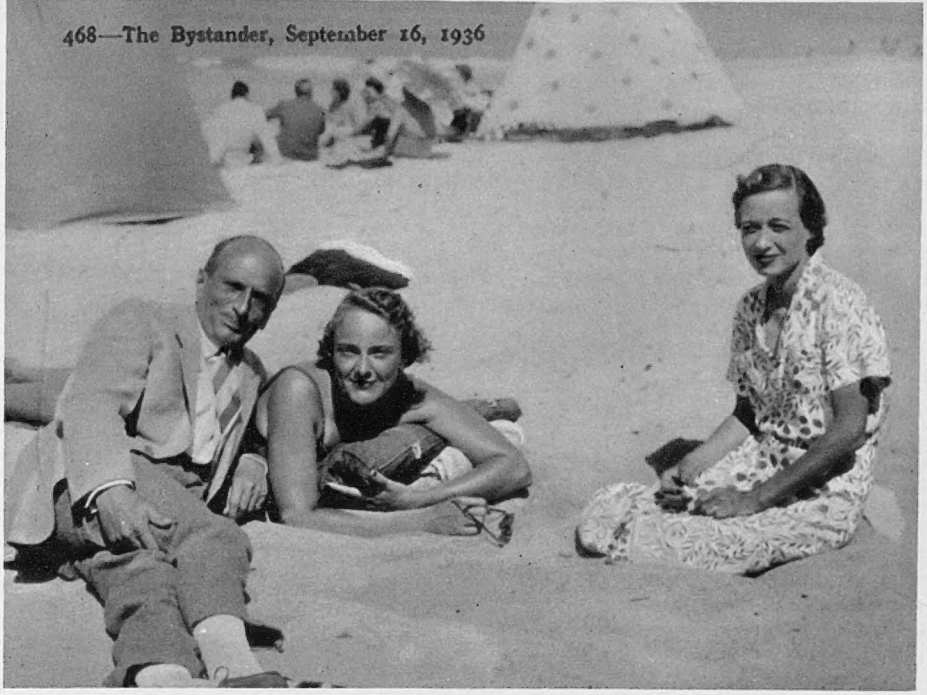
THE cricket season is now over and a wet and dismal one it has been. But there have been some interesting features. Derbyshire's Championship is, of course, the first. It has been a triumph of steady team-work, unlike Warwickshire's sensational victory in 1911 which was the result of the brilliance of one man, twenty-three-year-old Frank Foster. Another feature has been the emergence of Larwood as a magnificent medium-pace bowler. Then there has been Fishlock, the first notable left-hander in the Surrey eleven for many a long year. Gimblett has been a disappointment, and Sussex, once a gay and sporting county, has been pretty dull, and the evergreen "Tich" Freeman has shown signs of wear at last. The season closes on a tragic note with the death in a motor accident of Mr. D. A. C. Page, Gloucestershire's popular captain.

IT is a time-honoured cliché to say that Britain has taught the world how to play games, though actually the list of British-born games is a bit shorter than a good many people think. It does not include, for instance, chess, polo, golf, lacrosse, tennis, or fives. But, on the whole, the cliché is true and, especially in the weeks after an Olympiad, very useful. There is in our midst a beautiful demonstration of its truth at this very moment, for a skilful and sporting team of hockey players is touring this country who actually hail from Afghanistan.



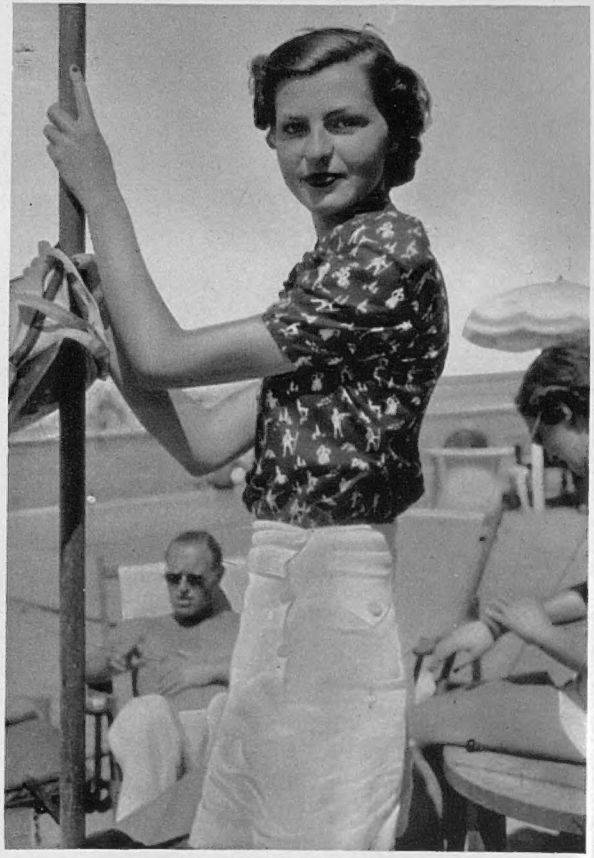
Mr. Ernest Brown and His Books

The Rt. Hon. Ernest Brown, Minister for Labour, is probably the most voracious reader in the House, if not in the country. He has recently moved flat from Rosebery Avenue to Camden Hill because in the old apartment his books overflowed; he even had them in the bathroom



American Trio

Mr. Willie Bleck sat on the beach with Miss Adelaide Wolstenholme, of the American colony from Pau, and Mrs. Chalmers McGuffie, an attractive young American widow who comes from Chicago but makes London her headquarters. Mr. Bleck's brother-in-law, the Marques de Viana, is personal A.D.C. to ex-King Alphonso



French Debutante

Mlle. Marie Chauvin du Treuil is a lovely Parisian debutante who has spent part of her summer at Biarritz

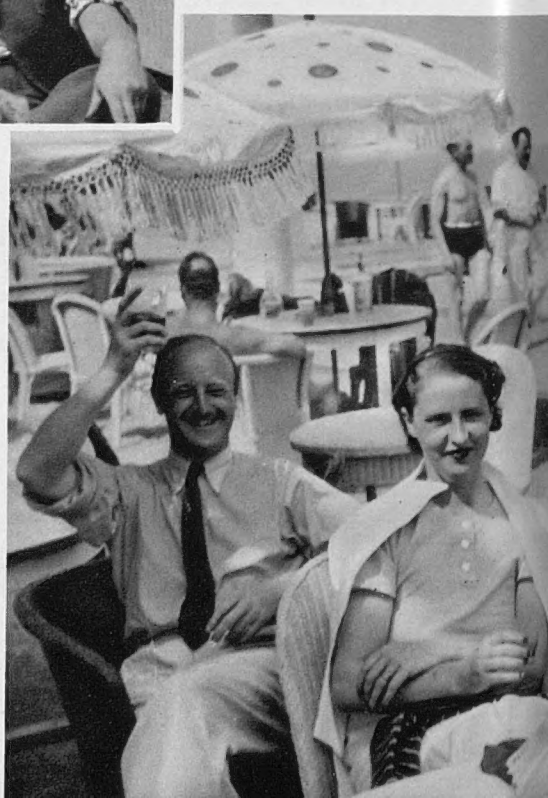
Right: Miss Eugenie O'Malley-Keyes and Miss Nell St. John made an attractive English pair. "Jenny" O'Malley-Keyes, second of the trio of sisters, is engaged to an American, Mr. Van Zoll, who was due at Biarritz from New York about then

Drinks Before Lunch

The quartet above are Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hanké, Mr. "Bibo" de Marwitz, a star ice-hockey player in the winter, and Mrs. Wilfred Tennant Hunter, the Australian wife of the English polo player. They were sitting round a Chambre d'Amour table

Left: Mme. Jean Larivier, wife of the First Secretary at the Argentine Embassy in Paris, had come on to Biarritz from Venice. She is with M. Robert Gautier, the Bagatelle polo player who played his 1936 season in London

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Cannon, Mr. Dick Cannon and Miss Lelia Farmer had just arrived from London and were drinking their first Chambre d'Amour apéritif. Like a lot of other English people, they nearly didn't go to Biarritz because of the Spanish war, but found the French side of the frontier much as usual, except for the noise of distant gunfire

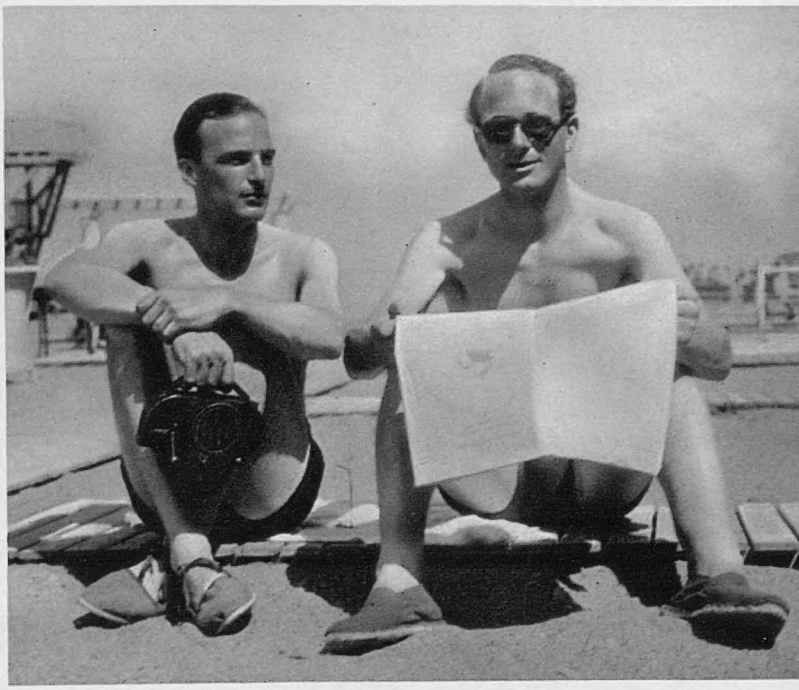


Cannon to Left of Them . . .

Biarritz Beachcombers Could Hear the Spanish Guns

Left: Mrs. Tom Emery goes to Biarritz most years. She was lunching at the Marquesa de Portago's villa. Her sister-in-law, Audrey Emery that was, is now Princess Ilynskaia

Mrs. Tom Emery



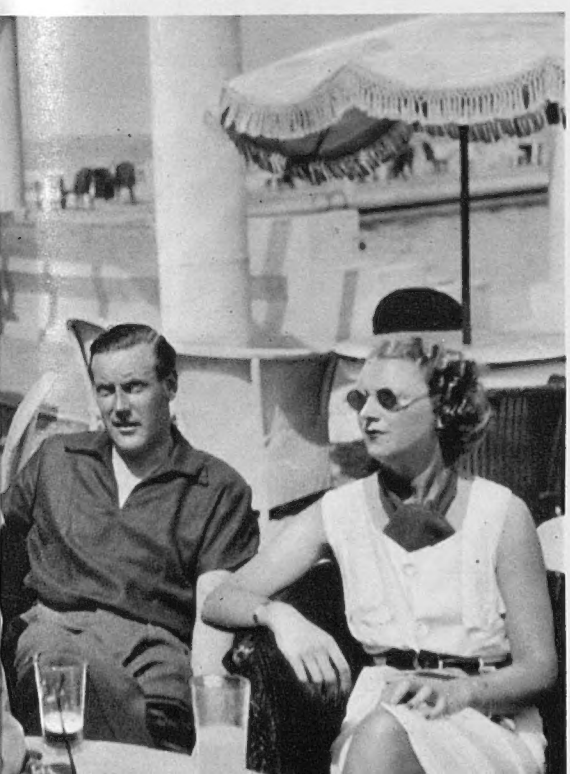
English Bachelors

Mr. Toby Waddington, with the camera, and Sir Alfred Beit, with the newspaper, perched on the "duck-boards." Sir Alfred Beit has at last almost recovered from his bad accident in Switzerland over two years ago

English Decorations

Hunting Migrants

Mr. Pat Adamson, Commander Kenneth Grant and Dr. and Mrs. Saunderson-Morrison were guests of Mr. Reginald Wright, Warwickshire M.F.H. and well-known Biarritz host. Dr. Saunderson-Morrison has his own beagles; his wife was Gonda van Raalte, and is a niece of Lady Howard de Walden



Irish Fête

Lady Mairi Stewart and the youngest of her three married sisters, Lady Helen Jessel, were at the annual garden fête in the grounds of Mount Stewart, Co. Down, the Irish home of their parents, Lord and Lady Londonderry

English Sale

Lord and Lady Herbert (Lady Mary Hope that was) are back from their honeymoon and were studying the catalogue very seriously in the Glasgow paddock at Doncaster, where the bloodstock sales were held during race week

Lt.-General Dill Leaves

Lady Diana Duff Cooper, wife of the War Minister, was among the party who saw Lieut.-Gen. J. G. Dill off when he left for Palestine last week to take up supreme command of reinforced British troops there. He travelled to Marseilles, then boarded the destroyer Douglas

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

"WHICH fight shall we go to this afternoon?" That is the question we cynically asked ourselves at Biarritz. Either to a bull-fight at Bayonne, or to the frontier, where one realises the full horror of the internal chaos in Spain.

One could actually see Irun in flames, and refugees swimming for their lives across the river, and stray bullets whizzed past one's car, even though one was on French soil.

Our First Bull-Fight

As to the alternative "spectacle"—never as long as we live shall we forget the horrors of our first bull-fight. We hardly knew which to pity most—the wretched animal in the last stages of the battle or those pathetic martyred horses.

We admit, and even enjoyed, the glamour of the pageantry of the show, the circus-like atmosphere, the intense excitement of the crowd, and found the extraordinary grace and courage of the matadors fascinating to a degree.

That hero of all bull-fight fans, Ortega, was performing that day, although in London there were rumours of his death in the Spanish war a few weeks ago.

Beauty in Distress

AFTER the third bull had been accounted for, we felt that, brave as we were trying to be, we had had about enough, and left. Outside, whom should we find but Miss Virginia Cherrill, a veritable beauty in distress, hating the massacre of the ring even more than we did, and unable to find the car she came in. She looked as lovely as ever, in a canary-coloured sports suit, and is staying with the Max Ausnits at their villa.

His Schoolboy Complexion

SIR ROBERT THROCKMORTON, who is in the same party, lived up to his reputation as the Dormouse Baronet by falling asleep after the first round, and declaring the whole thing to be very dull.

After many hectic months in New York and Hollywood, Biarritz has restored his schoolboy complexion, and he really might be "home for the hols."

Miss Florrie Owen, also in the Ausnit party, is the prettiest girl in the place. She is full of vivacity and amusing intelligence, and we hope it's true that her father may take a house in London this autumn.

Restaurant and Villa Parties

LARGE dinner-parties collect nightly at the Café de Paris, and you usually find the Marquise de Portago, the Thomas Emerys, Miss Beth Leary, and three unattached and attractive Englishmen, Sir Alfred Beit, Mr. Christopher Bramwell, and Mr. Toby Waddington, among them.

Mrs. O'Malley Keyes and the Maharaja of Rajpipla do most of their entertaining in their villas.

The latter has taken the Villa Alloecana, which belongs to the Princess Murat, and is situated just by the Chiberta clubhouse, and gave a super party there the other night, which we just missed. One hundred and fifty bottles of champagne for 140 people!

As they danced and supped on the terrace, the distant boom of guns could be heard from the frontier.

The Archduke Franz Joseph of Austria, the beautiful Baroness Kahla, June (Lady Inverclyde), Mrs. Jimmie Ford, and Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe have all been staying with the Maharaja.

A Restless Globe-Trotter

MRS. O'MALLEY KEYES gave one of her famous Sunday luncheon-parties, where we found the Ralph Hankés (how they do travel), Mrs. Sydney Tillotson and her husband (she and June Hanké are sisters), Mrs. Wilfred Hunter, and Frank Rediker, that restless globe-trotter. We were impressed with the immense good looks of Mme. Christian du Faure (who was June O'Malley Keyes).

Packed at All Hours

THE Casino is fuller and gayer before dinner than later in the evening, people using it more as a cocktail rendezvous than for gambling.

Sonny's Bar, the most popular of all meeting-places, is packed out at all hours.

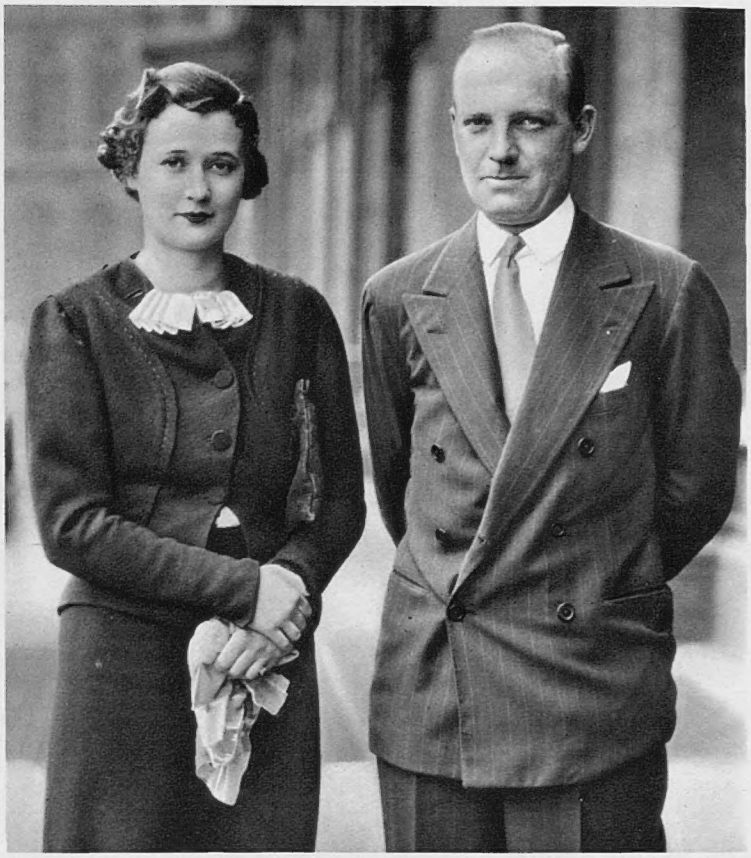
The weather is disappointing, two wet and windy days to one fine one. And on the latter a nip in the air that makes a dip in the ocean an act of great courage.

Complete with Bodyguard

THERE is said to be a gangster in the Casino, complete with bodyguard, who dare not go back to America. Mrs. Max Ausnit is a beauty of outstanding charm, Bobby Lowenstein, and Phillippi de Rivas affect white dinner jackets. Bright emerald green is *the* fashion note of the moment. Women wear woollen sports suits of this vivid hue, with plaid

Stage Engagement

This photograph of Mr. Nicholas Hastings and Miss Ronda Keane, who have announced their engagement, was taken at the Apollo Theatre, where they are both playing in Walter Hackett's successful "The Fugitives." Miss Keane is Doris Keane's daughter; Nicholas Hastings is one of Sir Patrick and Lady Hastings' five children



Lady Isobel Manners is Engaged

Lady Isobel Manners, younger of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland's two attractive daughters, has announced her engagement to Mr. Loel Guinness, the M.P. for Bath, son of Mr. Benjamin and the late Mrs. Guinness

silk scarves, or a blouse and a hat-ribbon of deep plum colour.

No more Basque news now, the sun is trying to come out, and if it fails we 're off to catch it somewhere else.

Rehearsing in Beach Clothes

ON our last night out in London, we dined at the new "Little Hungary" restaurant in Wardour Street, where excellent food, Hungarian wines, and a new method of interior decoration make a visit well worth while.

We then spent an entertaining hour watching a rehearsal of the new show called *Transatlantic Rhythm*. The beauty chorus, done out of an August holiday by the lure of an attractive autumn engagement in London, wear their beach clothes, and rehearse in shorts, pyjamas, and even bathing suits!

A Serious Playboy

LUPE VELEZ in full evening dress, and with an arm stiff with diamond bracelets, went through her numbers sotto voce, and probably had a date at the "Four Hundred" later. The young "angel," or backer of the show, Mr. Jimmy Donohue, takes his responsibilities very seriously, and is transformed from the playboy we met in New York.

In the very early hours, we visited the "Shim Sham," newly decorated and reconstructed, where that acrobatic wizard on the piano, Garland Wilson, is the star turn of the cabaret.

Ulster Party

ALTHOUGH the Ulster Motor Races were marred by the ploughing of one of the cars into an unfortunate group of by-standers, the wireless which relayed the progress of the race to the grand-stand and other points on the course kept discreetly silent on the matter, and it was not until the various house-parties read of the calamity in the Sunday papers that all were aware of the tragedy.

Golfing Holiday

Lady Mildred FitzGerald, Sir John FitzGerald's wife, and Lady Cromer were staying at the Gleneagles Hotel for the Scottish autumn golf season. Lady Cromer's children, Lord Errington and Lady Violet Baring, were up there too

Lord and Lady Londonderry entertained a party which performed the almost impossible by filling all the rooms at Mount Stewart. Mr. Alan and Lady Margaret Muntz had flown over (she is Lord Londonderry's eldest daughter), in a really terrific gale. Indefatigable Mr. Muntz and Lord Clydesdale gave five-shilling charity joy-rides for Lady Londonderry's fête on the Friday.

Two Years to Go

OTHER guests at Mount Stewart were Mr. Edmund Brock, the well-known artist, who, according to his own yarn, wanted to be a sailor, and was forced into art by his father. We can only say that, for once, we think father was probably right.

There was also Lady Mairi Stewart, who is now fifteen, and drives her own car, but only within the precincts of the estate. She is also an expert pilot, but is in the unfortunate position of having to wait a couple of years for both licences. She is incredibly grown-up, but completely unspoiled.

Film Makers

ANOTHER recent storm-braver was Marlene Dietrich, who came back from a Paris trip ten days ago, and sat, wrapped in rugs, on deck on the Boulogne-Folkestone boat on the wildest, roughest evening. The stewardess vouchsafed the information that film stars hardly ever take private cabins.

Tay Garnett and his lovely "cameraman" wife Helga are also returned travellers. They have completed a world-tour in his yacht Athene to take backgrounds, and have now rented a house on the Scottish border to "shoot" there, but films again, not grouse.

Film Lookers

THE young Vincent Paravicinis went to see the grand Capra film, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* last week. And at *The Great Ziegfeld* we ran into Iris Ashley talking to Leonard Govett in the (soft) bar during the five-minute interval allowed in the middle of that terrific three-hour picture.

MISS PEEPS

Miss Jean Shaw is talking to Miss Georgiana Pelham Clinton. She is the daughter of the Hon. Alexander and Lady Margaret Shaw of Fairnilee, Galashiels, and a niece of Lord Inchcape

Above are Lord and Lady Mansfield and Miss Gelda MacGregor walking round the Oban ground. Lady Mansfield is Carnegie by birth; she is the daughter of the late Sir Lancelot Carnegie

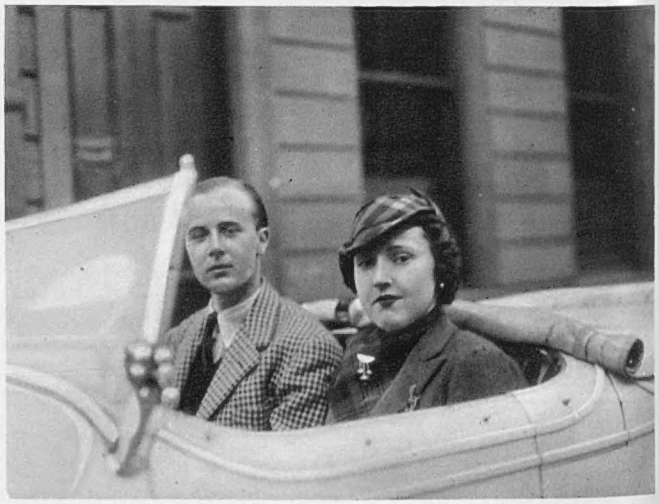
Left: Miss Mary Malcolm, one of the loveliest of the 1936 debutantes, was with her father, Sir Ian Malcolm of Poltalloch, and Mr. Gerard Leigh

Scottish Season

The Argyllshire Gathering at Oban

The Hon. Mrs. Maclean of Ardgour talked to Mr. Charles Maclean of Duart. He is heir to his grandfather, Sir FitzRoy Maclean, who is a hundred and one, and the twenty-sixth Chief of the Clan Maclean. Mrs. Maclean of Ardgour's eldest daughter, Catriona, came out at Oban

Left: Lady Grizel Wolfe Murray and her husband, Malcolm Wolfe Murray, were talking to Mrs. Ian Pitman (Helen Low that was), whose husband went shooting instead of going to the Games



Right: the Hon. Jock Skeffington, Lord and Lady Massereene's only son, drove Miss Claudia Crichton-Stuart to the Games in his blue roadster. She had the only tartan hat of the meeting

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 38

Sir Robert Throckmorton

SIR ROBERT THROCKMORTON, alias the Sleeping Baronet, alias the Dormouse, is a much-maligned young man. Actually, he suffers from insomnia, and has taken almost everything, from telephone books to pills, to counteract it. He is now twenty-eight, unmarried, well-to-do (as a result of a long minority), with eight thousand acres in North Devonshire, a few hundred in Warwickshire, and a farm in Worcestershire which has been owned by Throckmortons since the beginning of time. He also has a mother, two sisters, a colourful vocabulary and an acquaintance with American film stars which are both probably unrivalled. Technically, he sells insurance—actually he spends most of his time dodging the major issues of life. But people who say that he is deliberately futile are wide of the mark. Robert Throckmorton has a first-class brain. Little escapes him. If he lost all his money, which is the best thing that could happen to him, he would turn writer—perhaps, even more fruitfully, gossip writer. This would be filling a long-felt want. Baronets, from dukes downwards, are the only titled class not represented by a practising paragraphist. Educated at St. Anthony's, Downside, Sandhurst, and in the Second Grenadiers, Robert Throckmorton, who is a Catholic, has given himself a post-first-impressionist education by looking vaguely for oil in Calgary, for Mexicans in Mexico City, and for friends in Hollywood. His sleepy brown eyes have viewed India, an office in the City, and Budapest with equal nonchalance. And he has as much intention of getting married as of getting scarlet fever (his own words). He is a great-nephew of the only man who ever resigned from the Jockey Club. He himself never knows within six months where he will be within six thousand miles. In London he stays at the Guards Club. (He used to share a flat with Eddy Tatham.)

HE is proud of his laziness, never goes to the movies nor the theatre, likes sunshine, dislikes making plans; hates to be accused of taking anything seriously, loathes fetishes, never wears a hat, always avoids cocktails, is totally uninterested in food, knows nothing about wines, flies when possible, plays at lawn-tennis and golf, and is lay rector of Coughton in the County of Warwickshire. He only writes postcards, has a curious smile, which only operates on the right side of his mouth, taps his forehead with the back of the hand when thinking, and gets very little credit for anything he does.

Robert, in fact, is a rara avis. Before the war there were lots of them—young men who did not *have* to do anything for a living. But to-day you can count them on the fingers of two hands: Sir Michael Duff, Lord Jersey, Sir Hugh Smiley, for example. It is bad luck perhaps on Robert that he gets so much publicity. Perhaps it is because, behind all that show of laziness, there is a first-class brain. If I wrote novels—romantic ones, I mean—I myself would certainly cast him as the ideal hero in a Secret Service story. The trouble is that he might be too idle to pass on the vital information he would secure so dangerously.

Charles Graves

Second Thoughts on First Nights

The Song of the Shirts

"Swing Along" (Gaiety Theatre)

THE entire audience at the Gaiety Theatre on the first night of *Swing Along* followed the example of the famous little Audrey, who "laughed and laughed and laughed," for our one-and-only Leslie Henson has excelled himself. This has been said before, but this time he really has done it: he is so funny that it almost hurts. He may truly be described as a public benefactor, for it must do people more good than any tonic to sit and laugh as they do at his inspired fooling in the rôle of Maxie Mumm, a gambler who has literally lost his shirt at the Casino d'Été, near Monte Carlo.

This neatly introduces the subject of shirts, which is the keynote of the plot, as it deals with the rival factions of the Yellow Shirts and the No Shirts. Maxie obligingly disguises himself as Xabiski, Chief of the Yellow Shirts, so that that gentleman, aptly described as resembling a fretful ferret, may escape the murderous designs of his enemies, the No Shirts, and from this point the plot firmly refuses all control and wanders at the sweet will of Leslie Henson. We see him in a series of preposterously funny situations. There is a lovely scene in which Richard Hearne, as Alphonse, a photographer, tries to lure him on to a spot where he can be shot at by the enemy guns while his portrait is being taken. The camera-bellows telescope out at great length, turning in every direction in search of him in the manner of an intensely worried caterpillar. Later, the No Shirts run him to earth at a country villa, hammer on his bedroom door demanding his immediate surrender; whereupon he emerges as Xabiski's bride, veiled in a lace curtain, and in the name of romance craves an armistice.

IN another very amusing scene he, Fred Emney, and Roy Royston are all girls together, but the brightest jewel of all is at the end, where a quartet is broadcasting chamber music. His own double-bass presenting insuperable difficulties, Leslie Henson, with well-meaning earnest endeavour, goes to the assistance of Richard Hearne and involves him in a hopeless entanglement with his enormous brass instrument. In all the fun he is ably supported by Roy Royston and Fred Emney, who is, in every sense, immense. One of the characters conjures up a glorious vision by saying how well he must look floodlit! Richard Hearne has such an excellent sense of comedy that it would be an advantage if he had more to do: possibly his part was curtailed owing to a bad accident to his leg, which must have been a great handicap, though he concealed it with admirable fortitude. Zelma O'Neal also has little to do, but she puts so much into it that she makes that little go a long way.

AS the heroine, Louise Browne both sings and dances charmingly. She has a gift that is a great asset on the stage—she moves beautifully. She and Roy Royston have a big success in their songs, "Unbelievable" and "Trafalgar Square." Another very good number is "Swing Along," which is sung with great spirit by Gavin Gordon. The chorus is exceptionally pretty and their dresses exceptionally charming. The music of Martin Broones is gay and catchy and admirably suited to the show. If the book is a little weak in parts, what does it matter, for in the case of Leslie Henson one can certainly say, "It ain't exactly what 'e sez—it 's the 'funny' way 'e sez it."

Ballet by Lili (Louise Browne) and two creations of a dream-world

Maxie Mumm, No-shirt, ex-barley-sugar twister (Leslie Henson)

Sketches by Rouson

Troublesome Trumpet: the crazy quartet is Fred Emney, Leslie Henson, Richard Hearne, and Zelma O'Neal

Rosings Farm, Hunger Hill

Rosings Farm, Hunger Hill, Coolham, Sussex, is the Raymond Masseys' new address; it 's a lovely farm-manor-house, standing in typical English grounds and garden, and a perfect retreat for Raymond Massey from work on *Dreaming Lips*, Elisabeth Bergner's English version of *Der Träumende Mund*. Croquet is the great game in the Coolham neighbourhood; Robert Sherwood, who lives nearby, has founded the "Old Savoy Croquet Club," which, at a recent Rosings Farm meet, entertained such players as Gladys Cooper, Zena Dare, Joyce Barbour, Richard Bird and Geoffrey Kerr. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Massey have a small son

Actors' Arcady

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Massey at Home in Sussex

Photographs by Swaebe

Rosings Croquet Teams

Mr. Nigel Bruce, Mr. Raymond Massey, Mr. H. M. Harwood and Mrs. Massey (Adrianne Allen) made up a foursome in the game which is rapidly coming back into fashion. Nigel Bruce, who is over here making a film with Constance Collier, is the son of Sir William Bruce, an ex-English croquet champion

Mrs. Harwood—Tennyson Jesse

Mrs. H. M. Harwood was down at Rosings with her husband. She's collaborated with him, under her maiden name of Tennyson Jesse, in about half-a-dozen plays, as well as writing on her own. Mr. Harwood is a doctor by training, but found he preferred successful playwriting

Inspiration from the Sun

Mr. Keith Winter, the author of "Rats of Norway," which Raymond Massey produced with Gladys Cooper in '33, took some cushions and a pencil and paper and settled down in Rosings garden

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Caroline Bowes-Lyon—Ex-Debutante

Caroline Bowes-Lyon is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Bowes-Lyon, and a granddaughter of the Hon. Francis and Lady Anne Bowes-Lyon, of Ridley Hall, Northumberland. Her father is managing director of John Bowes and Partners, the Northumberland coal-owners, whose collieries and new shipping plant at Jarrow were inspected some weeks ago by the Duchess of York during her tour of the North-Eastern distressed area. Captain Geoffrey Bowes-Lyon is the Duchess of York's first cousin; he was formerly in the Black Watch. He and his wife, who is Sir Amherst Selby-Bigge's younger daughter, have a London house in Chester Square. Caroline Bowes-Lyon is twenty; she has a younger sister, Susannah Susan, who will be seventeen next year, and a brother of nineteen

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THERE seems no reason on earth why a street on a new housing estate at North Hanwell, Middlesex, shouldn't be called Chaplin Circus, as has been proposed. Mr. Charles Chaplin, who attended a school formerly on the site, is a great clown and of world-wide fame.

In Paris there are whole quarters named after geniuses of all nationalities (there 's even a Rue Roger Bacon). In this country we rather fight shy of making any fuss of that sort, except when the chap actually lived in a given street (as Keats Grove) and when a lot of literary chaps and so forth seem to think it 's the thing to name it after him, and so forth.

Better to name a street after a clown, in any case, than a politician. Democracy is prone to glorify its temporary heroes on the least provocation. The case of the Quai St. Michel in Paris a few years ago is a good instance. The Radical-Socialist majority in the Municipality suddenly decided to alter this ancient, glorious, and noble name, redolent of a thousand years of Lutetian history, to Quai Viviani, after a busy little politician then fairly well known in his own small circle, now—even now!—utterly forgotten. The authorities counted without the students of the Sorbonne. The call went out, ban and arrière-ban. The students swarmed forth, as so often in the turbulent history of Paris, tore down the new name-boards with insulting and even obscene comments on Radical-Socialist insolence, and the old name was hastily restored, and still remains. Would that the same thing had happened in so many French provincial towns, where fragrant street-names of the past have given place to the dim and often ludicrous names of passing nonentities. Here and there the old names linger, as the Square of the Four Winds at Rouen and the Street of the Humpbacked Cat at Lille, but the Third Republic has a lot to answer for.

Curiously enough, Paternoster Row and Ave Maria Lane have survived. Eighteen years ago they stood a 100 to 1 chance of being renamed Lloyd George Avenue and President Wilson Street. You can't believe it? Ask your great-aunt, the ex-V.A.D. who adored those heroes, as indeed we all did.

Alter Ego

SOMEWHERE amid the rolling plains and illimitable blue of far-away Alberta (where men are men), a Mr. James Smith, cowboy, must be riding the ranges with disillusion in his keen, hearty eyes and doubt on his bronzed clean-cut features. For Mr. Smith says he is the twelfth Duke of Richmond, and his rural neighbours look up to him on that account as being no small punkins; and, moreover, he has just become engaged to a local lady who looks forward with no mean zest to being the Duchess. Meanwhile his Grace of Richmond, Lennox and Gordon's solicitors in London have issued a statement saying neither the present Duke nor any of the Gordon-Lennox family has ever heard of Mr. Smith and that his claim is "preposterous." Is it possible that Mr. Smith is mistaken?

Something of the same confusion used to exist over Prince Michael Romanoff, last of the Russian Royal Line and delight of the New York Press. The Prince, whose name, the police prosaically insisted, was Mike Gerguson, a Bowery product, overawed Middle West society for a long time before the police grew tired of his haughty pranks and collared him, still protesting with the frigid dignity of a prince of the blood. But what! Even we ourselves, humble as we are, *nous qui vous chantons*, have been impersonated. Moreover, the gentleman who went around London wining and dining and saying, during our absence abroad, that he was us, was actually so superior to us in charm, conversation, and personality that he was able to touch a couple of eminent West End actors for a fiver each—a thing unknown before in the history of science. He went to prison, which was in one way a pity, for on our return we wanted badly to learn the secret.

And then, of course, there is the case of the Mr. G. B. Show, or Shaw, who declared himself the Messiah about 1899 and still believes it. . . .

Spacious Days Dept.

ONE of the heavier critics looked down his nose at Mr. Gyles Isham's Sir Toby Belch in a recent open-air performance of *Twelfth Night*; complained that Mr. Isham's "pallid" Sir Toby, lacking in humour, suggested a Victorian tippler rather than an Elizabethan toper. A little less trusting dependence on the Official Elizabethan Legend might have altered this judgment,

"Found me ball? Damme, I can't find me clubs, now!"

knife twisting in his vitals. Pallid! By the hobs of Hell, he probably had reason to be! All that drunken merriment seems more and more forced. Behind it we see the fright in his eyes—who knows if the foolish Aguecheek isn't a Government spy? The shadow of Tyburn Tree lies heavy over that drinking party, and in our opinion Mr. Isham was right.

Crook

THE picturesque thatched cottage at Hempstead, Essex—naht Hempstead, Lahnd'n, a diffn't place 'ntahly, so a B.B.C. official assures us—in which Dick Turpin was born, was auctioned at Saffron Walden the other day and withdrawn at £280, in spite of a spy-hole in the floor of an upstair room, guaranteed by the agents. Mr. Turpin, despite his enduring legend and his place of honour in the English Pantheon, doesn't seem much of a draw. It is perpetually curious why a common, inglorious sneak-thief should have always overshadowed a really gallant figure like Claude Duval, who, originally a lackey, was a swashbuckler, a man of the world, and a devil among the fine ladies, crowds of whom attended him to Tyburn, blubbering behind their vizards. Wouldn't you like to have seen the darling highwayman lying-in-state at the Tangier Tavern, St. Giles's, "the room hung with black cloth, the hearse covered with escutcheons, eight wax tapers burning, and as many tall gentlemen with long black cloaks attending." (Contemporary broadsheet)? They buried him in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, with many flambeaux and a fashionable congregation, mostly women. We don't know if his gay epitaph, on black-and-white marble with the Duval arms, is still to be seen in the middle aisle. It ended:

Old Tyburn's glory, England's illustrious thief,
Du Vall the ladies' joy; Du Vall the ladies' grief.

A delightful glimpse of a better England, for what eminent City crook to-day is ever put away so honourably, with such answerable sad and glorious pomp? It may be that if there were more Duvals and fewer Turpins in the City we might get back some of that old delirious feeling.

Nosey, Huh?

SOME of the German storks being reared in Kent have been going places, seeing things. Three of them got down as far as Tregeseal, Cornwall,

The Elizabethans were by no means the jolly hearty fearless chaps we were (and are) all taught they were. They were pretty pallid and jumpy, living in an atmosphere of perpetual treachery and double-crossing, agents-provocateurs, rumours, plots, deceits, violence, hellish torture, and painful death, with Cecil's Ogpu constantly busy whenever a new Messiah turned up—a Mr. Hackett, who had bitten off a gentleman's nose in a tavern and proclaimed himself immortal and God's Anointed, was a typical case. Mr. Hackett and his friends very nearly established the Last Judgment at Charing Cross—the Government got badly rattled and began wholesale executions, as in modern Russia. It was no joke being an Elizabethan, especially since nobody ever knew which way the gombeen woman on the throne was going to jump. Even her darling pirates like Drake and Hawkins, who had to hand over 75 per cent. of their loot to her, weren't safe. She might have gone Spanish at any moment.

We suggest Sir Toby Belch was in perpetual dread of being denounced by his friends and when most deeply in his cups he could feel the hangman's

"She's in training for Yogi"

and posed for amateur photographers, one of them "coughing violently," a *Times* correspondent reported. Actually, we're told, the bird was coughing "refined," like a leading lady surprised by Press photographers and rather winsomely confused. Two more storks went to look at Slough, a Bucks beauty-spot full of exquisite factories and dumps, and then flew on to the playing-fields of Eton. A larger flock was seen near Deal, probably looking for Herman Finck, who often nests at Kingsgate Castle in the season, and flying later across the sea in the direction of Ostend. They changed their minds — Ostend is packed with birds as it is—and returned to East Studdall, near Dover.

The curator of Haslemere Educational Museum reports that no native of these islands has tried to shoot them as yet, strange new birds as they are. One sportsman who took them for herons would have done so, but to his annoyance, he had no cartridges. This kind of thing makes a man bitter, as the brewer said when he fell in the vat. On the whole, the chief deduction to be made from the storks' restless and nosey behaviour seems to be that they are getting nervy over the awful sameness of the English Face—once seen, never remembered, Wilde too carelessly said—and want to get away and think things over quietly. As Andersen (Hans or Lawrence—we never know which is which) always used to say, staring up at the chimney during the nesting season, "It's nice to have a quiet stork over things."

Vox Humana

We touched a knob. The magnificent voice of Henry Ainley, too seldom heard—how many star actors of the moment have a voice like his?—soared on the air, rising like an organ-swell or a peal of cathedral bells, falling, dying, rising again, every syllable a note of clear sonorous music. He was declaiming Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, to the pianoforte obligato of Strauss, played by Sir Hamilton Harty. Half an hour of pure melody.

Unfortunately, Alfred Lord Tennyson had little or no sense of humour. The long impressive blank-verse epic about the missing sailor who comes home to find the girl has also married another bloke ("And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw so like her Mothah") has two moments at least well-known to and prized by the connoisseur of bathos. One is the dignified Tennysonian method—

. . . Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier. . . .

of conveying the vulgar fact that a gentleman is crying fish. Mr. Ainley made it rather splendid—as indeed Mr. Ainley could make the selling of fish itself. However, there are three other lines in *Enoch Arden* we wanted to hear as well—the last three lines of all, generally admitted to form one of the most perfect anti-climaxes in poetry:

So past the strong heroic soul away,
And when they buried him, the little port
Had never seen a costlier funeral.

Believe it or not, Mr. Ainley managed to drape even this bathos with sombre splendour. You saw the sable hangings, best black velvet, the tossing plumes, the oak casket, solid silver fittings, six mutes, fully choral, expense no object; and you quite forgot how comic the lines were. It's a fortunate poet who has Mr. Ainley to cover up his bloomers.

Red Light

Another sixty acres or so of lovely Dovedale, Izaak Walton's country, having been saved for the nation by the National Trust, we're told to expect reprisals by the Speculative Builders' League, who are bitterly angry. "What's the idea?" said an official yesterday. "'Ere's another big whack of land ripe for development been bought up by them so-and-so's—and why? What's land like Dovedale for? *'Ouses*! Let me tell you the boys aren't going to stand for much more of this, neither." As the official spoke he kicked savagely at a new estate and a whole row of enticing little homes, ready for occupation and called Sylvan Heights, fell down.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"The Admiral's little boy, lady. He always messes up the ship like that"

Films of the Day

Is Shakespeare Good Cinema? : By George Campbell

Movie people are often accused, in quarters not conspicuous for altruism, of being out to make quick and easy money. If they were, it would be no crime. "Nobody but a blockhead ever wrote except for money," said Dr. Johnson, who composed *Rasselas* in a night to pay for his mother's funeral. And there is a pleasing story of an idealistic American lady who asked Arnold Bennett what was his inspiration. He gave the same reply as Johnson. The lady laughed, as at some highbrow jest, and waited till the others had gone. She was alone with Genius.

"Now tell me, Mr. Bennett," she cried archly, "why do you write?"

"I told you, for money," was the reply.

The lady lowered her voice, leant forward and spoke in a thrilling whisper. "But now we're alone—what is it *really* inspires your beautiful work?"

And Bennett, with a cautious glance around, whispered back: "*Money!*"

By comparison with authors, or even the allegedly artistic theatre, the money-grubbers of the film world seem to me to suffer from impractical idealism. When Mr. Cochran puts on a brilliant comedy by Robert E. Sherwood and it fails, does he rush to put on another comedy by Robert E. Sherwood? He does not. He puts on a brilliant play about negroes. And when that fails, does he put on another play about negroes? He does not. He puts on a brilliant drama about Ireland by Sean O'Casey. And when that fails, he makes a hit with Noel Coward and goes on making hits with Noel Coward. As a good business man he believes in supplying the public with what it wants.

But the film people (I am not speaking of the nitwits who can only think in terms of cycles) are quite different. Only a few months ago Warner Brothers spent a packet—somewhere between a million and two million dollars—on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The elocution may not have been all that English critics could have desired, but let's not forget that the British Empire all told represents only about one third of America's film market. The great majority of fans saw nothing wrong with Jimmy Cagney (who gave a jolly good performance anyway), Joe E. Brown, Olivia de Havilland and the rest of Warner's stars: in fact, from the box-office point of view, it was an exceptionally strong cast calculated to pull poor Will through in places where his stocks would ordinarily be low. This was shown by hoardings in certain parts of the Middle West bearing the legend:

JOE E. BROWN
in
"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"
by Shakespeare
produced by
PROF. MAX REINHARDT

The fans said the plot was pansy and the dialogue all screwy, but Joe E. Brown was okay.

Nevertheless, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* looks like losing the Warners quite a lot of money, and you'd think that other producers would be off the Bard for good. Not so. First Basil Dean comes out with a statement that he will do not one Shakespearean film, but two. (So far he hasn't made them, and if he has any sense he never will.) Then it is announced that Elisabeth Bergner has backers willing and anxious to put up a modest £100,000 or so in the cause of Art. And this time the deal goes through.

"As You Like It," has duly been unveiled. The ceremony was accompanied by as impressive a display of boiled shirts as any theatrical première of the year, and on the whole opinion was very friendly. Bergner's accent seemed to bother some people—not me, for I never could place Arden in the Home Counties, anyway—and they say she is up to her old tricks again, and doing the twirly-twirly, little-girly stuff, the finger-pointing and sidelong glances that she patented in *Escape Me Never*. (I wonder if she intends to use it all again in *The Boy David*? As Barrie prompted her to have a shot at *As You Like It*, and suggested the treatment, I shouldn't be surprised.) But her charm is as captivating as ever, her high spirits as endearing, and I for one came away well satisfied. More especially as Laurence Olivier, Sophie Stewart, Felix Aylmer, Leon Quartermaine, Henry Ainley (making a welcome come-back) and Austin Trevor, to name only the principals, show the world just how English should be spoken, with a fine precision and no trace of affectation. All in all, Dr. Czinner, who directed, has done a fine job, not least because he has not been afraid to cut.

"As You Like It"

Sophie Stewart's name is not as far to the fore as it should be, but her splendid performance as Celia in "As You Like It" ought to remedy this. She is with Elisabeth Bergner (Rosalind), whose husband, Dr. Czinner, directed the film for 20th Century Fox. It's at the Carlton

Cutting is something the makers of *The Great Ziegfeld* have yet to learn. It runs slightly over three hours—roughly an hour too long. It is not that any particular scene is bad: there is simply too much of everything; too many trivial incidents unhurriedly narrated, too much stage spectacle indefinitely prolonged. To shorten the picture now would be difficult, though by no means impossible; by slick scenario work, more urgent direction and sharper cutting, it could have been so proportioned in the actual making that at least a third of the footage could have been eliminated without the loss of anything that mattered.

Fredric March as Anthony, Olivia de Havilland as Angela, His First Love

"Anthony Adverse"

The Episodic Film Version of Hervey Allen's Immense Novel

Anyone who has read *Anthony Adverse* will be curious to know how that extraordinary and moving book could be compressed into a two-hour film. Hervey Allen took twelve hundred pages to tell his story; Warner Brothers have used two-thirds of the book for their picture, and even that requires nearly 13,000 feet of film, and 2500 players with ninety-eight speaking parts. Fredric March heads the huge cast as Anthony, with Claude Rains and Edmund Gwenn (as old Bonnyfeather) next in importance, and lovely Olivia de Havilland as the little Italian girl who was Anthony's first and greatest love. Mervyn Le Roy had the gigantic task of directing. The film is going to the Tivoli before long

African Interlude

Anthony Adverse spent a year or two of his wanderer's life as a slave-farmer in Africa, with a wild-cat native girl as his mistress. Steffi Duna plays her part in the film

Left: the first episode of the story—the Marquis (Claude Rains) kills his wife's lover, Anthony Adverse's father (Louis Hayward). Anita Louise plays Maria, Anthony's mother, who died when her son was born

Photographs by Anthony

In Fokine's "L'Epreuve d'Amour"

Nana Gollner

American Première Danseuse

Nana Gollner began her dancing career on the films, and has a seven-years' contract at this moment with Paramount. *Spring Night*, in which Lichine also appeared, and *The Raven* were two of the films in which she had parts. But she has now been "loaned" by Paramount to ballet, and it looks as if her future would be on the stage instead of the screen. She joined the de Basil company for the last few weeks of the past Covent Garden season, taking several solo parts, and then went to René Blum as one of the leading dancers of his company for their South African tour. She is considered one of the best of the many fine young dancers from America who are now members of European companies. She is technically strong and is beautifully made, and has a lovely face and gay, vital personality. Arnold Haskell sees in her a future classical ballerina in the grand manner

In Practice Dress: Rehearsing for South Africa

Photographs
by
Norman Parkinson

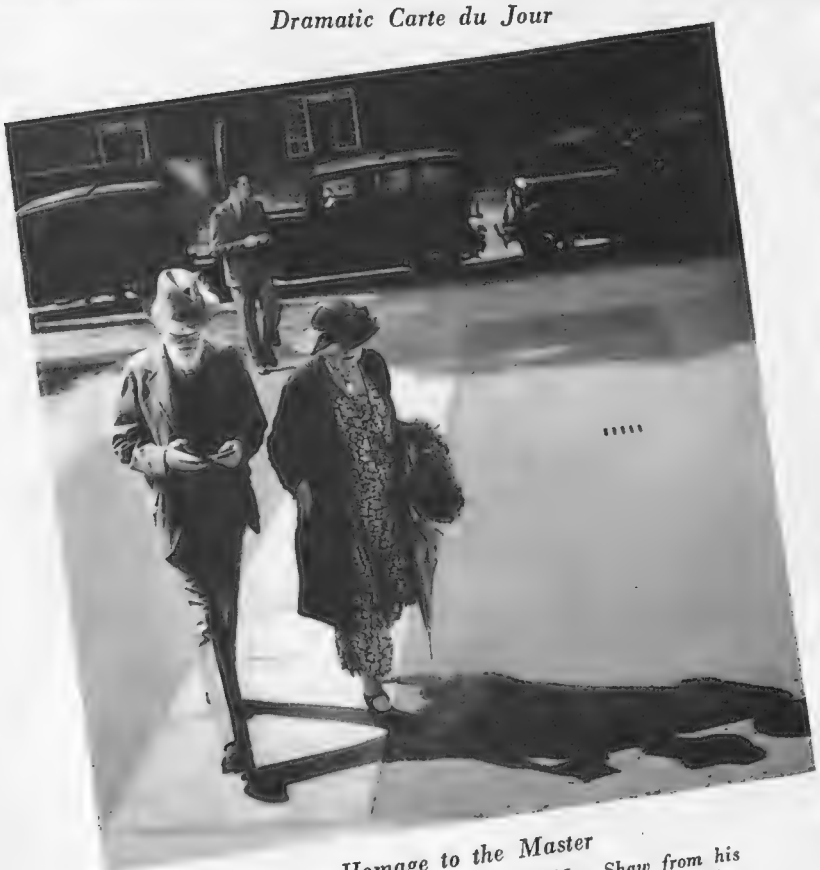
The Bard Line

All Sorts of People Stand in the Stratford Queue

This year has been the first since the War when foreign tourist invasion has again been a feature of the English summer, and Stratford-on-Avon has been the place most visitors made a point of seeing, whatever else they chose or didn't. The audiences at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre have been better than last year by a thousand a week (in the first twelve weeks), and the company has decided to give takings from to-morrow's matinée of *Twelfth Night* to the King George National Memorial Fund. The festival closes next Saturday week

Dramatic Carte du Jour

You Don't Have to Dress—Much



Homage to the Master

Mr. Bernard Shaw came over with Mrs. Shaw from his own festival at Malvern, to see the Stratford production of "Troilus and Cressida"—one of the most interesting of the repertoire from a scholastic point of view

The Memorial Theatre Has An Ideal Position

Stratford Setting for Shakespeare

Summer Meeting Ground for Tourists and Intelligentsia

The Terrace from the River

The Avon runs past the Memorial Theatre and makes a day on the river a usual preliminary to an evening at the play. The theatre, built on modernistic lines, is from the competition-winning design of Miss Elizabeth Scott

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Faces for Laughing

Leslie Henson in His "Swing Along" Disguises

The beginning of his troubles—he lost his shirt at Monte Carlo and had nothing in his cheque-book but tired stubs

First he impersonates Xabiski, leader of the Yellow-Shirts

Later he gets mixed-up in Xabiski's love-affairs again; this time he invents a Parisian girl friend to give him a disguise and alibi

As a very depressed double-bass player

Interval of normality: this is Maxie Mumm, playboy of Monte Carlo

Photographs by Baron

Then he invents a Madame Xabiski, and makes her a lace-veiled bride at that

There are so many laughs in *Swing Along* that it 's almost torture to see another joke coming. Leslie Henson is responsible for most of the happy pain; it's agreed he has never been funnier than he is in this new musical comedy which is doing its third week at the Gaiety

How and why Mr. Maxie Mumm Henson becomes leader of the No-Shirts nobody knows or cares. But he has to fix a bayonet made of very soft lead, and that 's a good enough reason

Anthony

Florence Chumbecos is a Sophisticated Dancer

Florence Chumbecos' dances are not ballet and not ballroom and not folk—they are her own brand of sophisticated, sinuous, beautifully poised movement—an outstanding item in any cabaret or stage show. She partnered Fred Astaire five years ago in the New York *Band Wagon*, starred there in *Flying Colours* and *The Great Waltz*, and came to London to make a vivid impression by her Cuban dance with Robert Helpmann in *Stop Press*. Lately she and Walter Crisham, brilliantly balanced and contrasted as partners, appeared in various cabarets. Next Friday she will be seen in Kurt Robitschek's Victoria Palace show, *Let's Raise the Curtain*, for which she has arranged the dances with Fred Lord

"Bystander" Short Story No. 55

The Great-Grandmother

By Nancy Hale

THE household was all split into separate parts that August before old Mrs. West, who was the great-grandmother of the little boy, died at last. All day—each yellow, melting day—the household was split into the sick part upstairs, where the old woman tossed and tried pitifully to get out of bed, and cried out for help to people who had been dead for fifty years; and the regular, necessary part downstairs, in the living-rooms and the kitchens, with the servants and the cooking, and Mrs. West's daughter, Mrs. Cambridge; and the little boy's part, which was the garden full of red and blue flowers, and crickets singing, and the murmurous orchard full of long, sweet grass that he would run through, and the burning, pulpy swamp beyond the orchard, and the two toads that lived under the garden water-faucet.

Only at night did they all go to sleep on the same floor, in the big, summery bedrooms that stayed stifling until midnight or later. Even in those hot, long nights the sick, confused old woman would cry out with her terror, feeble, piteous calls; ever since her mind had begun to go, this house, where she had lived with her daughter for twenty years, had become something mysteriously frightful to her, and she could not rest for wanting to get out of it. In her perpetual fear she tried and tried to get out of bed, dragging at the heavy plaster mass that held the hip she had broken months ago.

In the night her small old voice kept calling, "Father! Father! Come quick!"—and the boards that had been placed about her bed to keep her from throwing herself out would rattle; then, in the night, there would be the low voice of the night-nurse trying to soothe her, droning dimly through the hot silence of the house. But the little broken voice would keep calling, "Father! Come and take me away, Father! I 'm so afraid!"—and then the night-nurse would tiptoe across the dark hall into the bathroom and fix something for her patient to drink, and in a little while there would be quiet while old Mrs. West slept. But the little boy never woke up at all in the nights.

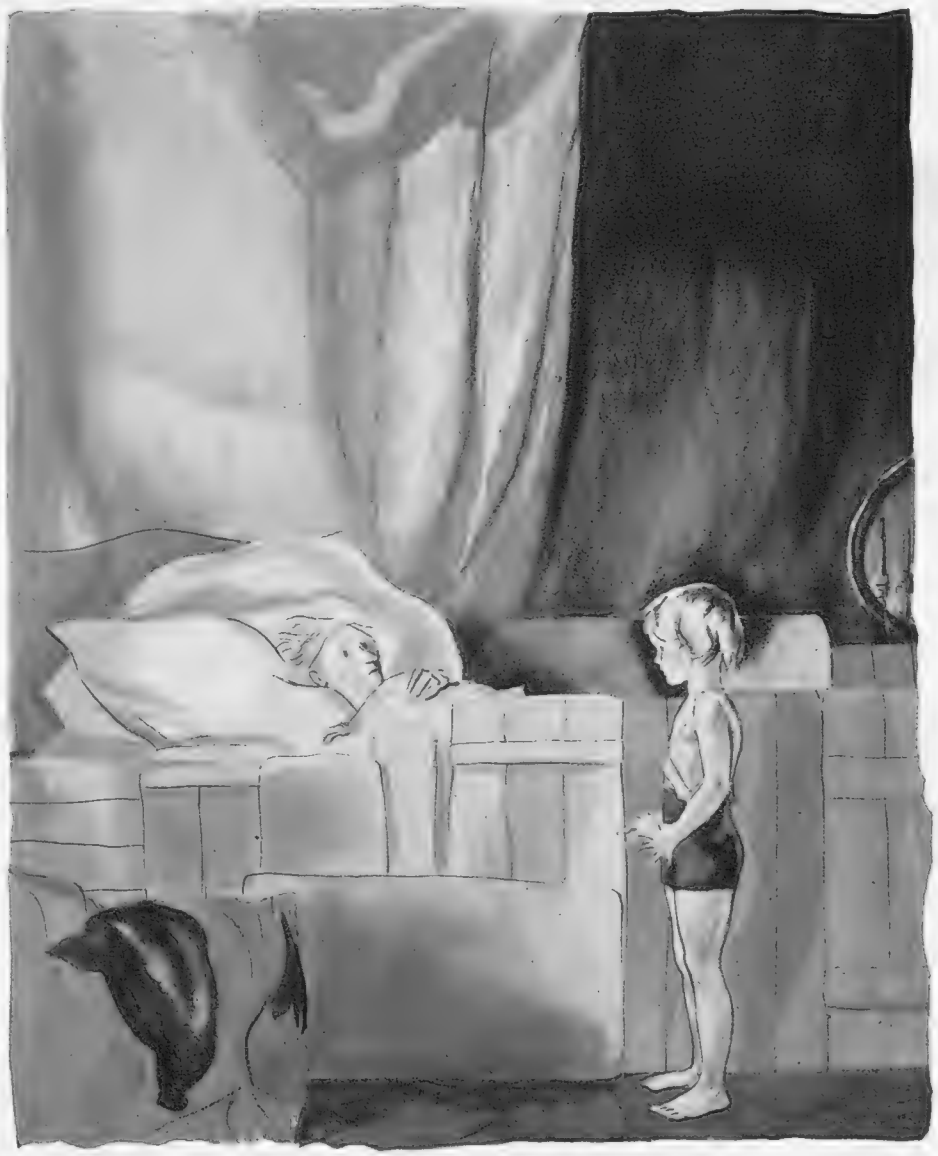
His grandmother would put his mattress on the floor near the windows, when the nights were very hot, and he would sleep hard all night with the tiny August breeze blowing in his damp hair. His grandmother would go to look at him before she went to bed herself, near midnight. He lay in his cotton pyjamas on the broad white sheet, close to the floor, his legs spread out and one of them drawn up as if he were running, and his arms thrown up above his head, and his hot face turned sideways; he slept intensely. He still looked like a baby when he was asleep, she thought. The August moonlight came in through the windows and lay delicately along the innocent curve of his forehead and his little white eyelids. His hair had grown long during the summer, and it curled up from the hot creases in the back of his neck.

He always slept hard through the nights, from seven till seven. His grandmother was afraid of his being frightened by the queer callings in the dark house, but he never woke up. He had his breakfast with the maids off the kitchen-table in the morning, and they turned him out into the garden early. His name was Robert Cambridge, and he had never had any mother since he was born; his grandmother took care of him. She buttoned his sun-suits and buckled his sandals before he went out to play in the mornings, and she hoped that he would not hear his great-grandmother crying out so terribly all day long. She often felt frightened herself.

All day long Mrs. Cambridge moved about the big, dim house, doing the accounts and seeing the cook and reading to herself lying on the straw chaise-lounge in the hall. The sun came in in stripes through the closed blinds and lay upon the dark floors; the chairs were all in white linen cases; sweat stood on the silver vases, and the flowers in them filled the rooms with heavy, still sweetness. A bowl of cold water stood beside Mrs. Cambridge, and she would squeeze a cloth out in it and lay it on her hot forehead as she read. "Sister Louise! Where are you? Can't we go home soon? Oh, I 'm so frightened!" Upstairs the poor, feeble voice called and called in desperation. Mrs. Cambridge turned a page and changed the cloth on her forehead; her Aunt Louise had died long before she was born.

(*Concluded on page 490*)

Illustration by J. Morton Sale



Robert went over to the bed and looked at how small his great-grandmother had grown

The Great-Grandmother

(*Continued from page 489*)

Mrs. Cambridge would have lunch with Robert off the round, green tin table under the lilac trees in the garden; he was very red in the face and his hair stuck to his head in curls, and he swung his bare legs back and forth under the table while they ate cool salads and lemon ice. Then he would go and have his nap on the reed sofa in the summer-house, and Mrs. Cambridge would go back into the house; it gave her a headache to sit long in the sun.

Later, she would go upstairs to see her mother, but she never stayed very long because her mother thought she was a stranger, and cried out louder in her fear and homesickness.

The old, old woman was tiny under the sheet except for the great hump of plaster-cast around her left hip and leg. Her face had shrunken and fallen far back to its bony structure, and Mrs. Cambridge looked at her own mother, who had brought her up and taken care of her for so long, and thought, "This is what she really looked like all the time. This is really Mother . . ." She tried to hold the little grey hand and smooth it, but the old woman snatched it away with the great energy of terror, and tried to shrink away back to the wall side of the bed, staring with those bird-like eyes that stood out, stripped of all flesh and lashes, the true, underlying eyes of Jane West—of Jane Gardiner, who was born eighty-four years ago.

The day-nurse brought Mrs. Cambridge a scrap of paper, shaking her head and smiling with professional pity.

"She wanted to write last night: she said she had to write a letter, and I saved it to show to you."

Mrs. Cambridge read the poor little scrawl of a few desperate words that petered out into unintelligibility, a scrabbling line, at the end.

"Father dear, *please* come soon Louise and I are so afraid in this strange house we waited so long at the railway station . . ."

She stooped and kissed her mother's trembling hand.

Then she sighed and went away. She was devoted to her mother, but she felt helpless about her now, for she had gone away into her ancient childhood and did not know her daughter any more. The names and the places that she cried out about Mrs. Cambridge remembered from the stories her mother used to tell her when she herself was a little girl, going to sleep in long-ago nights. It made her feel strangely to hear these things brought back into immediacy so many years after by her mother's delirium, and she felt that there would be something wrong in the little boy's hearing those cries about long-dead things. She did not want him to be shocked or frightened.

He was out in the swamp under the red August sun, trying to catch grasshoppers, very earnestly and clumsily. Streams of sweat ran down his bare little back among the white down; he squatted on his heels, a huge straw hat shading him like an umbrella. A bright green grasshopper would jerk on to a leaf near him, and he would lift one sunburned, fat hand from the ground where it was keeping his balance, and make a deliberate grasp for the grasshopper. But they were always too fast for him; lifting his hand from the ground made him lose his balance, and he would sit down squashily on the wet ground. Finally he was disgusted, and climbed to his feet and began wandering up toward the house. The seat of his sun-suit was black with damp and earth.

Through the edges of the swamp, alive with crickets at the roots of the long, sweet-smelling grasses; they tickled his bare shoulders as he plunged through them. Up the rolling slope of the orchard, smelling of apples growing ripe; a small green one fell suddenly from a tree as he passed, hitting the ground with a hard thump. Robert jumped, and looked at it with surprise. Under the long pergola of grape-vines, shady over him, with neat bunches of half-formed grapes, apple-green, hanging just out of reach; he had picked all the lower ones to play marbles with. He climbed the crooked, rough stone steps that wound through the climbing, rambling garden to the upper grass terrace, and went to see the two toads that lived under the water-faucet.

The toads were sitting facing each other under a lilac leaf, blinking their glittering eyes at intervals and looking very hot and dingy. Robert took hold of the larger one, which was his favourite, and dusted it off with the strap of his sun-suit; then he put him down again; the other toad had hopped away under the sweating stone foundation of the house.

Robert went round the corner of the house to the cellar bulkhead, and climbed up on all-fours to the top. The old green paint had blistered under the sun. Robert tried to slide down, but the points of peeling paint caught him in the cloth, and the splinter had scratched his buttocks. He tried it again, and then he went and lay on his back in the soft, damp grass under the lilac tree. The grass had not lately been cut, and the blades were soft and tickled his skin; ants walked up the blades and on to Robert. He scratched his ribs and left little red scratches on his sun-burned side.

He looked straight up above him at the mesh of leaves shifting siftingly against the bright, hot blue sky. The sweat ran down the sides of his nose, and he wished somebody would come out and fix the circular attachment on the hose that made a tall curving fountain for him to run through. He thought about the cool trickles of water running down all over him in the sunlight for a little while, and then he climbed to his feet and went to look for his grandmother.

She was asleep on the straw lounge in the hall, with the wet cloth fallen slanting across her eyes. Robert went and looked at her close to, holding his face close to hers and breathing on her cheek. But she did not wake up. Her hand had fallen limp to the floor, and now and then it twitched a little.

"Oh, Father! Father! Why don't you come?" A frightened voice called from upstairs. Robert tiptoed across the hall and began to climb the steps one by one.

He went into the room that the voice was calling from, and there was his great-grandmother lying in her bed looking very little, and there were boards put up like a fence all around the bed. Robert went over to the bed and looked at how small his great-grandmother had grown. He held his head up straight on his straight little white throat to look over the edges of the boards. His great-grandmother was crying.

"What's the matter?" he asked her in his high, clear voice. "Great-granny? Did you get hurt?"

She reached out frantically with her skeleton hand, tiny and trembling, and took hold of his hot, soft one.

"Oh, take care of me!" she cried. "You're a big boy. Where did you come from?"

"I came from down in the swamp," Robert said. "Don't be scared, great-granny."

"Oh, take care of me! I'm so frightened! Oh, I'm so frightened here all alone! Oh!"

"I'll take care of you," Robert said. He breathed softly in his great-grandmother's face and stared at how little her face was.

"Don't go away! You won't let them come at night, will you? You're a boy."

"All right," Robert said, breathing and holding the shaking, bony little hand.

"Oh, I want my Father so! I can't find him!" She began to throw her poor body about, tethered to the plaster mass.

"Was he going to come?" Robert stood on tiptoe to look closer at the little face.

"Oh, yes! He was coming to get Louise and me, oh, long ago, and I've waited so long and I can't find him anywhere."

"Do you want me to go and look for him?"

"Will you? Will you? Oh, you could find him, you're bigger. Oh, Father! Father!"

Robert put her hand down carefully and started out of the room.

His grandmother, coming upstairs, met him at the top. It was very dim and large in the upper hall, and Robert was small and hot and red, with a golden head.

"Robert, have you been in great-granny's room? I told you you mustn't, dear. She is very, very ill."

Robert continued toward the stairs intently. He did not stop as he explained to his grandmother.

"She's just awfully scared," he said. "She wants her father. She and Louise have been waiting a long time for her father. I'm going to look for him."

He started downstairs vigorously, one step at a time. From the dim room at the end of the hall the broken, terrified voice began again.

"Oh, Father! I'm all alone! Father, come quick!"

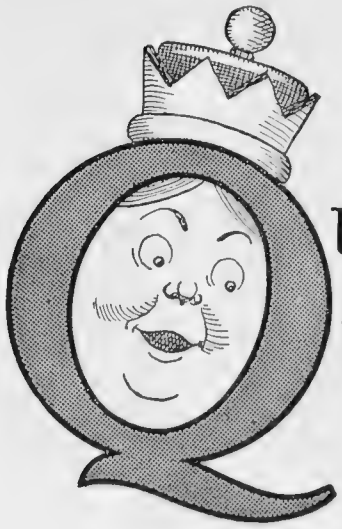
Robert twisted his body around as he climbed down the stairs, and called back.

"It's all right. I'm going to look for him."

The voice stopped crying.

THE END.

(With acknowledgments to Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)



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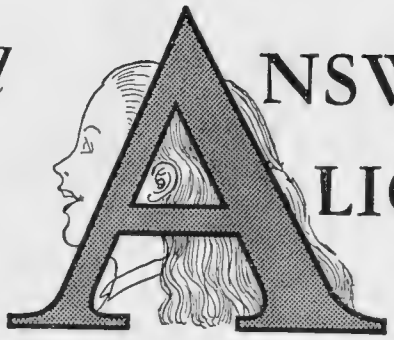


(Query—by Lewis Carroll?)

"Can you answer useful questions?" asked the Red Queen. "How is Guinness brewed?"

"I know *that!*" Alice cried eagerly. "First you turn the barley into malt, then it's ground—"

"How many acres of ground?" said the White Queen.

"80,000 acres a year for the barley," replied Alice, rather pleased at remembering. "Then you add the water and take some hops—"

"How far do you hop?" asked the White Queen.

This time poor Alice did not even try to answer the question, but went on quickly: "Then you add the yeast—"

"Why not the West?" interrupted the White Queen. "You mustn't leave out so many things."

"But I don't think I have left anything out!" cried Alice. "What else is there in Guinness?"

"Goodness!" exclaimed the White Queen. "That's all!"

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.576

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Chequered Love: By Alan Thomas

MR. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG can always be relied upon to give good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over. Commercially speaking, you get your money's worth. His latest book, *Far Forest* (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a long novel tracing the chequered loves of Jenny Hadley and her cousin, David Wilden. Jenny, whose father was a Staffordshire chain-maker and whose mother walked out on her husband and never came back, was taken at the age of fourteen to live with her grandfather, old Adam Wilden, and her fanatically-minded aunt at Werewood, "a sombre expanse of forest and scrub bestriding Severn." There also came the youthful David. His visit was brief but it marked the beginning of a relationship between him and Jenny that followed the course of true love for over five hundred pages. We see Jenny as a domestic servant succumbing to a young red-coat who had come to help with the hop-picking. Hops, however, were not the only things he picked. But before her child (she named him David) was born, its father had been killed in the South African War, and Jenny, after a spell of chain-making, married Fred Badger, the trapper. He also came to a violent end—on the gallows. Meanwhile, her first love, David, had begun his training as a teacher—though in the hands of Diana Isaacs he was very much a learner. However, he passed his exam. and became a schoolmaster, first in South Wales and later in Shropshire. It was here, as he was digging in the garden of his bachelor cottage, that Jenny found him, and the two of them—as one always knew they must—returned to Werewood.

The story is conventional enough. But the strength of the novel lies less in the story than in its setting—the timeless forest of Werewood, the chain forges at Mawne, and the life and beauty of the countryside.

Portrait of a Photographer

The photographer is Norman Parkinson, who is celebrating his second anniversary in the profession. He has already made a big name for himself in non-portrait photography, and much of his work has appeared in the "Bystander." His wife, who is Sir Reginald Mitchell Banks' daughter, painted this portrait—the original is in the striking reds and browns of Norman Parkinson's suits and ties

MR. REARDEN CONNER'S novel, *I Am Death* (Chapman and Hall; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is not, I am afraid, in the same class as his earlier book, *Shake Hands With the Devil*. The retailing of wholesale murder is a ticklish business. Given a going concern—the Irish Troubles, for example—Mr. Conner can handle the goods as neatly as most. But when the business is put into the hands of one man who, conceiving himself to be "a sworn enemy of the world for its own betterment," develops into a homicidal maniac, it behoves us to look carefully and make sure that we are being given the genuine article. Here is an Irish down-and-out whom the vile blows and buffets of the world have so incensed that he sees nothing for it but to purge civilisation, to clear it in particular of the "worthless roués who throw away money on the pleasures of the flesh." His first victim is the gentleman friend of one of the street-walkers who lodge in the same tenement as our inhumane killer; the second a city Alderman, also on pleasure bent; the third a gigolo, and the fourth his own brother. After that he goes off to the police station—laughing. In spite of all Mr. Conner's persuasiveness, I couldn't avoid the feeling that his murderer's mental make-up was an artificial creation, and when the poor fellow is made to declare that he *is* Death, I agreed with him—only in the sense that he had never come alive. The other characters in the book are excellently done, and the dialogue is natural and well-streaked with Irish humour.

I HAVE only two criticisms of Maurice Dekobra's new book, *A Frenchman in Japan* (Werner Laurie; 10*s.* 6*d.*). One is the price and the other is the banal nature of the photographs which accompany the text. Otherwise it is as diverting an account of Japanese life and habit as one could wish for. Not that the author lays claim to a full understanding of the Japanese mind. No Westerner in his senses would do that. But M. Dekobra's reflections and anecdotes on Japanese psychology, Japanese patriotism, and Japanese charm make a pleasant mixture of entertainment and instruction. Among the many strange scenes to which he introduces us, none perhaps is quite so outlandish as his visit to the Suicide's Isle where "831 people had either the courage or the cowardice to throw themselves into the crater of Mt. Mihara during the year 1933." How many intending suicides, I wondered, are deflected from their course by the notice which confronts them on their way: "Suicide is an unpardonable sin! Come, therefore, to confess to me, for I am both a merchant in Rice and a Christian. I can give you good advice." The honourable merchant surely had a touch of the Westerner about him.

M. Dekobra's final impression of Japan is characteristically phrased. Having sounded a warning note as to what may happen unless Japan's needs are satisfied, he concludes: "Would it not then be wise to love Japan as one of those beautiful creatures inaccessible and distant, difficult to approach and always incomprehensible; regarding whom one is not sure whether her enigmatic smile hides a menace or a caress?" Intending visitors to Japan will be saved a good many gaffs if they take this very palatable dose of Dekobra on the voyage out.

"INNOCENT SUMMER," by Frances Frost (Arthur Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is about boys and girls, infants and adolescents in a New England village. We see their elders—who are rarely their betters—from the children's angle. Miss Frost does not write for the queasy, but there is an originality about her book which distinguishes it from the rank and file.

NOTHING original could be claimed for Miss Eleanor Dunbar Hall's theme in *Tambour Terrace* (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The younger generation are up against the old. To the parents, security in life means the ownership of seven houses. To the children, these houses are as mill-stones. Follow the inevitable conflict and disintegration of the family. This is a well-told story, seasoned with satire.

MR. WALLACE SMITH'S *The Happy Alienist* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), opens briskly with Professor Volk, an eminent psychiatrist, confessing to the murder of his wife, his best friend, and his mistress. His motives were jealousy and revenge—just, in fact, the kind of urges possessed by so many of the Professor's patients. The pace slackens however, as the story of the crime unfolds, embroidered as it is with a good deal of psycho-analytical jargon. The book tends to waver between satire and sentiment, but it has its bright moments.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Fashions for the coming season are distinguished by their flattering lines and rich, deep colourings. Many coats are of tunic length, buttoned high and swinging backwards from the waist. This becoming silhouette is seen in the ensemble on the right, which comes from the Ready-to-Wear Department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street. It is of feather wool in an unusual shade of dark fuchsia red; the frock is trimmed with rows of tucking, while the flared coat has a luxurious fitch collar. Flat furs such as beaver and Indian lamb trim several suits, and one tunic coat is edged with fox. Classic tailor-mades are from 98s. 6d. in this department

Ribs, Belts and Collars Are in the News

A decorative cross-work yoke trims the silk and wool jumper above, which has a divided collar and buttons at the back. It is in an attractive shade of almond green, and costs thirty-nine and sixpence. The majority of jumpers are high at the neck, but different collars prevent this line from becoming monotonous

Fancy stitches and unusual yarns add individuality to the jumpers that will be worn this autumn. The model above is of knop yarn with Vandyke ribbing and a becoming turn-down collar. It costs fifty-two and sixpence and comes from Lillywhite's, Piccadilly Circus, together with the others pictured on this page

Skilful ribbing gives a slender line to the knop yarn sweater on the right, which costs fifty-two and sixpence. The raglan shoulders fit easily; this makes it an excellent jumper for sports. Plain sweaters, ideal for "active service," are from fifteen shillings, and there are jumpers and cardigans to tone with tweed suits

Dover Street Studios

NOVELTIES

Discovered by pets
pictured by paws

THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF

The crayfish is almost a national symbol in Finland, so often is it reproduced. The fine specimen above on the right is really a marzipan sweet, while his brother in the centre supports a candle. The Finnish owl, emblem of scholars, is an amusing design for a candle

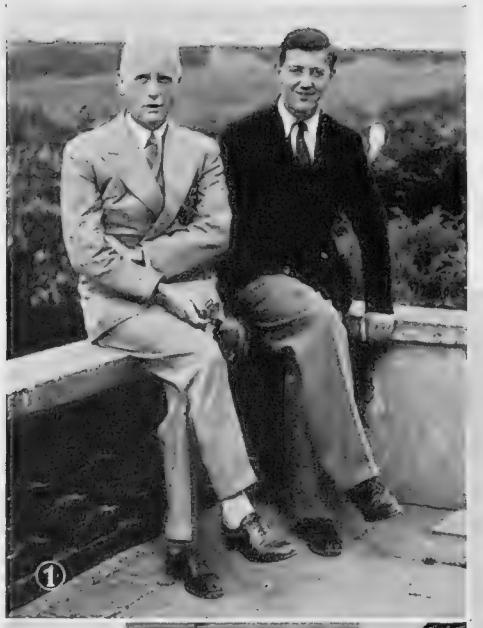
Topknots are fashionable for evening coiffures, and two charming ones are sketched below. These flowers are made of brightly-coloured feathers, mounted on shell frames and graced by the brilliant butterfly and humming-bird which have alighted upon them

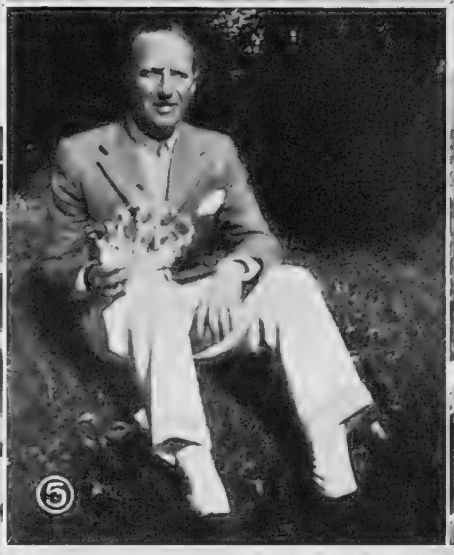
A windproof cigarette-lighter is a welcome invention which can be obtained from Meyrowitz, 157, Regent Street. Place a cigarette squarely over the "Glolite" lighter pictured below, draw several slow breaths, and, although there is no flame, it will ignite. This lighter is charged with Lektrolite fluid and costs 6s. 6d.

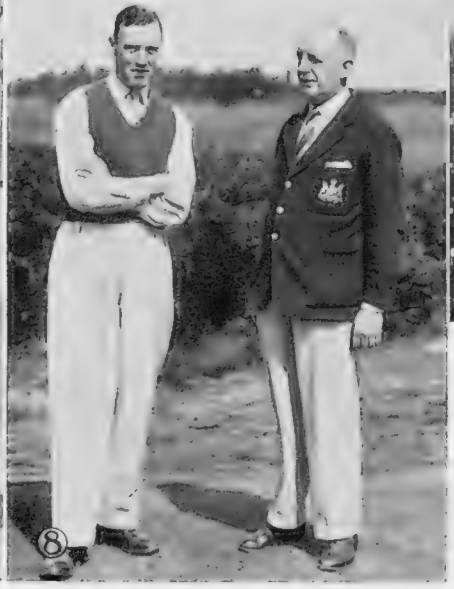
The unusual cigarette-case on the left also comes from Meyrowitz. It is fitted with a perpetual calendar, shaped like a capital H and regulated by pins inside. An interior spring holds the cigarettes in position and prevents them from being crushed

Golf Clubs at Home : Thorpeness

Thorpeness golf course was laid out by James Braid fourteen years ago. It is on a stretch of gorse and heather country typical of the Suffolk Wolds, and has been designed to afford very good views from the club-house. In August each year the "Silver Frigate" Challenge Trophy is played for, the winner getting a replica of this interesting prize







(1) Major C. M. Euan-Smith (managing director) and Stuart Ogilvie. (2) Colonel Sholto Ogilvie (president) and A. F. Towle (hon. secretary). (3) A. V. Reading, J. E. Mumm (ex-captain) and A. P. Davies. (4) H. T. Russell Ross and Frank Sneath (ex-captain). (5) T. V. Kean with the "Silver Frigate," which he holds this year. (6) George Cobley, P. Boddington and Lieut.-Col. B. O. Hutchinson. (7) E. Cornwall and W. J. Burningham (ex-captains). (8) S. L. Day and C. J. Piercy. (9) H. Gardiner and F. J. Cooksey (committee members)

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Watching Bloodstock Change Hands

Lady Stavordale, the Earl and Countess of Ilchester's daughter-in-law, was at the Doncaster Sales with Mr. Adrian Scrope, manager of the Sledmere Stud

Mrs. Peter Fitzgerald and Miss Brassey were two more racehorse-minded people in the Glasgow Paddock at Doncaster

Gathering in the Highlands

Miss Helen Campbell and Mr. Colin Campbell were at Oban for the Argyllshire Gathering. Helen Campbell is one of the "Kilberry twins"; she's to have a joint coming-of-age with brother James soon

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

I WRITE this with the tail-end of a gale blowing us clean out of summer into autumn. Odd, isn't it, how suddenly the seasons change? I realised this sombre fact again the other morning when I got up at crack of dawn to go fishing. The sky should have been clear. The sun should have been rising. Actually, a thick white mist enshrouded everything, and the air was raw and chilly. Autumn right enough, and I see that some amiable scientist, just to keep us merry, has predicted a cracking hard winter.

Now, at any rate, as far as sport is concerned, we are stranded between the seasons. The Soccer boys are out and about it is true, and beginning to argue about offside tactics. There was a time when the manœuvre of throwing a player offside gave rise to every sort of argument. Nowadays the Soccer pundits merely shrug their shoulders and say the trick is too risky to be a serious menace, though one or two clubs are making use of it again.

Even Rugby football has made a tentative start, and already a player of note has broken a wrist on the hard ground. I am sorry for this, but I cannot help regarding it as just another reminder that Rugby football should not begin in earnest until October. It should end, moreover, in March. Six months of such a rigorous game is enough.

BY way of confusing us, cricket lingers on, though the M.C.C. team have sailed for Australia. G. O. Allen is full of optimism, and does not mind saying so. He believes that his team is more than likely to regain the Ashes, and we can but admire the spirit which enables him to set out with such cheerful anticipations.

Good luck to him, anyway, for he will need it, even if Bradman does decide to dispense with his experimental steel-shafted cricket bat. Bradman must have some reason for using this new-fangled affair. Presumably he thinks it improves his batting. Possibly he is right. A horrible thought! A very horrible thought! For pity's sake let us leave these steel shafts to the golfers.

THERE was something rather pathetic, by the way, about the century Sutcliffe made last week at Scarborough against the M.C.C. Australian team. Pathetic because it was made against M.C.C., for it is certainly strange to think of an England team in Australia without Sutcliffe to open the batting. There never was a better Test match cricketer than Sutcliffe. He had character and determination. He exuded defiance. His success had its roots in a peculiar mixture of skill and temperament. I dare say we shall sigh for Sutcliffe more than once during the coming winter. There was something eternal about the man. Our batting now seems queerly unprotected, whatever hopes the Selectors may have of players like Barnett and Fagg.

IN the meanwhile, Dave Crowley, the Clerkenwell feather-weight, has returned to England after his unsuccessful fight with Mike Belloise for the world's championship. He was hit low, and badly hurt, and the fight went to Belloise under the American no-foul rule. This rule is one of the most shameful things ever introduced into boxing. It has brought many abuses in its train, and the sooner the Americans abolish it the better it will be for the sport's good name. A pity it is that boxing has fallen into such disrepute—George Borrow wrote more truly than he realised when he said of prize-fighting "how for everything there is a time and a season, and then how does the glory of a thing pass from it, even like the flower of the grass."

I suppose the golden age of boxing was the Gentleman Jackson era, when Jackson taught the noble art of self-defence at his Academy in Bond Street. Boxing then became the national sport, with the Prince

(Concluded on page ii)

Austrian Hat in Argyll

Mr. Lyon Balfour Paul watched Miss Anne Knox mark her programme at Oban; she's always one of the prettiest at Scottish functions. Tyrolean hats like hers go marvellously well with the local tweeds and tartans

A Win For Scotland

The International Prelude to the Girls' Golf Championship

Twentieth Hole Battle

Left: Sonia Swinburne-Johnson (Stoke Poges) and Jessie Baxter (Bishopbriggs) had to play on to the twentieth before Jessie Baxter won the match for Scotland. In the Championship, Sonia Swinburne-Johnson, a 1935 semi-finalist, went out in the second round

Captain Stroyan Presents His Cup

This year's England v. Scotland match was the second for the Stroyan Cup; the holders, Scotland, kept it by 4 matches to 3. Capt. J. R. Stroyan presented the Cup to his daughter, Sheila Stroyan, Scottish captain (right). The English captain was Joan Pemberton (left); she was last year's Championship runner-up, but this year she lost to Jessie Baxter in the fourth round

Peggy Edwards, Angela Noble, Pam Shand, Joan Hives

Left: Peggy Edwards (Manchester) won her match for England; Angela Noble (Worplesdon) beat Pam Shand (Derbyshire) who played for Scotland. Joan Hives (Chevin) wasn't an internationalist; in the Championship she was a second-round loser

Below: the English team were Peggy Smeeton, Waveney Beesley, Jacqueline Gordon, Sonia Swinburne-Johnson, Peggy Edwards, Peggy Bullard, Joan Pemberton (capt.). The Scottish team (right) were: Sheila Stroyan (capt.), Dorothy Thompson, Jessie Baxter, Mary Cowan, Pam Shand, Hazel McGlashan (reserve), Mary Love, J. F. Halbert (reserve), and Jean McIntyre

The English Team, Captain Stroyan and the Scottish Team

Jean McClure Won the Stromenger Cup

Jean McClure (Wanstead), the youngest competitor — she's thirteen — won the Stromenger Cup (Junior Handicap) at the Girls' Golfing Society meeting with a round of 104—36=68. In the Championship she was a second-round loser. She has only played golf for a year

Mary Cowan, Joan Negretti, Diana Stephens, Jeanne Brooks

Mary Cowan (R. Ashdown Forest) lost her match in the third round to Angela Noble; Joan Negretti (Worplesdon) was defeated 4 and 3 by Pam Shand; Diana Stephens (Burhill) lost in the first round to Jacqueline Gordon; Jeanne Brooks (Burhill) got into the last eight, then lost to Miss Gordon

The 18th Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges : By Eleanor E. Helme

Below: Dorothy Thomson (Girls' G.S.) plays out of a bunker. She won the Wickenden Challenge Cup at the Girls' G. S. meeting, and beat Waveney Beesley in the second round of the Championship

Pamela Purchase

Is a fourteen-year-old competitor from Denham; she was beaten 6 and 5 in the first round by Peggy Edwards

Chapter I.

DEAR BYSTANDER—

THE more Girls' Championships I watch, the more certain I feel that there are only two things on which one can depend. The first is that there will be surprises, and the second that a beating (and for that matter, a win, too) will be taken in the very best of spirits. Nobody seems to be downcast if they lose, nor unduly uplifted if they win; they manage to be keen without being rapacious, which makes a delightful atmosphere for everybody.

IT was on the borderline of a surprise that Scotland should beat England this year, because by handicap it ought to have been the other way round. But you can always trust Scots to fight best against odds, and so, though five of them were down at the turn, they managed to win in the end by 4 matches to 3; and that although the biggest surprise of all was that their captain, Sheila Stroyan, went down with a bump to Joan Pemberton. I don't mean any disrespect to the English captain, but Sheila has been spoken of for a long time as a probable girl champion this year, and the idea was given colour by her being runner-up in the Danish, semi-finalist in the Swedish and Dutch Championships; and winner of the West Sussex Fathers and Daughters tournament with Captain Stroyan the week before. Possibly all that meant that she was stale; her golf suggested it, and Joan seized on the opportunity with

Lally and Sonia Vagliano and Their Mother

The two French girls, whose home club is Morfontaine, entered again this year at Stoke Poges. Sonia Vagliano, who is fourteen, won her first match and then lost to Peggy Smeeton by one hole; her elder sister was a third-round loser to Jessie Baxter

Monica Parnell (Hendon)

She was a first-round loser, but not till the nineteenth hole, when Angela Noble won. She is a younger sister of Joan Parnell, who got into the last eight last year

Daphne Martyn (Port Elizabeth)

The South African player lost to Mary Love in the second round by 4 and 2. In the Girls' G. S. meeting she and Hazel McGlashan won the nine-hole greensome foursomes

Ethel Anderson, Dorothy Drew

Left: Ethel Anderson (Leven) won the Croft Scratch Cup in the G.G.S. meeting, but lost to Pam Shand in her first Championship match. Dorothy Drew lost to Peggy Edwards in the second round

Kathleen Davey (Northwick Park)

She took a hard beating—8 and 6—in the second round from Mary Cowan. It was her first appearance at Stoke

both hands. She has come on enormously since last year; is deadly straight, with plenty of nip, and gives the impression of being a very capable and collected golfer. The wind was at gale force, but she was only two over fours when she had beaten Sheila by 6 and 5.

Jessie Baxter squared matters by pulling her match out of the fire from Sonia Swinburne-Johnson at the 20th, after having the worst of the exchanges most of the way. Pam Shand added another Scottish point, though Angela Noble, once she had recovered from a motor breakdown and the loss of the first six holes, chased her bravely to the 18th. Dorothy Thomson got home at the 19th, after being down all the way to Peggy Bullard, and May Love put the fourth Scottish win on the board 2 up from Waveney Beesley. After that, England rallied, Peggy Edwards beating Mary Cowan 2 up, and Jacqueline Gordon beating Jean McIntyre 5 and 3; but it was unavailing. Scotland had won for the second time, and England could do nothing except vow vengeance in 1937.

So far as the Championship goes, there are at the moment of writing, with two rounds played, eight Scottish survivors, seven English and one French; Scotland is still entitled to its lion rouge rampant.

They had a fair share of honours, too, on the Girls' Golfing Society medal day, though,

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Walker Cup Match

THE youngest and most teetotal team which has ever represented Great Britain at golf failed to win one match in either the foursomes or singles in the Walker Cup match this year, a feat no previous team has succeeded in accomplishing; and, sad to relate, it had an easier task than any other team which has visited the United States. Against it there was no Bobby Jones, no Lawson Little, no George von Elm.

We lost nine matches and only managed to halve two foursomes and one single, Harry Bentley's, whose opponent, according to an American account, played far below his usual game. Dr. W. Tweddell decided not to play himself, and also to leave out P. B. Lucas; thus he did not repeat his error of 1928 at Chicago of giving the reserves a run. In 1928 we lost the Walker Cup by eleven matches to one—an even more crushing defeat than we suffered this year.

DR. TWEDDELL has most certainly not been a lucky captain. To try and win this year, with the players at his disposal, was a most unenvious task; but as he was one of the selectors he does not deserve much sympathy. He has, without doubt, been severely criticised already for separating Hector Thomson and Jack McLean in the foursomes. These two have played together in foursomes for several years and thoroughly understand each other's golf and temperaments. I, however, certainly support Dr. Tweddell's decision, as I imagine his idea was to have a slight chance of winning two matches instead of one; as things turned out it is extremely probable that Thomson and McLean would have been beaten if they had played together.

Dr. Tweddell will also be criticised for playing Ewing so high in the team (Ewing played third) after Thomson and McLean. It certainly does seem strange that a man who gets beaten in the Irish Championship by a player reputed to be 5 handicap should play four places above the winner of the English Championship. I know full well that there are in Ireland at the present time many extremely good young golfers, but I most certainly do not think that Ewing is entitled to play above Bentley in a team match.

WE lost the first two foursomes by large margins, McLean and Langley (an obviously bad combination) being beaten by 8 and 7; while our leaders, Thomson and Bentley, lost by 7 and 5, and would have been beaten 9 and 8 if Goodman had had a more efficient caddie. At the tenth hole Goodman's caddie, standing at the pin, was hit by Thomson's ball, played from a bunker. It is surprising that a player of Goodman's experience should allow his caddie to go to the pin when an opponent is playing from a bunker, but possibly he thought that as he was having such an easy match the presentation of a hole or two to the opposition made little difference.

IN the BYSTANDER of July 1st last I wrote: "Fortunately, Hill has a good temperament and is a great fighter." I was therefore glad to see that he proved my words to be true. Hill and Ewing, in the last foursome, were seven down and twelve to play; from this stage of their match onwards they played most courageous golf, holed some long putts and all the doubtful ones, and, assisted by a very weak finish on the part of one of their opponents, managed to halve a match which at one time appeared a walk-over for their opponents. Peters and Dykes also halved their foursome in a match in which neither side ever held anything but the slightest advantage.

IT is reported that Dr. Tweddell was delighted at the result of the foursomes, and thought that his side still had a fighting chance: if this report is true, Dr. Tweddell must be easily pleased and not a very good judge of golfers. The night before the singles were played, heavy rain fell and, in consequence, local rules were made which allowed players to clean their balls on the greens, to pick up and drop without penalty if the ball was buried on the fairway, and to tread down pitch-marks on the greens.

PINE VALLEY is a fine course and a difficult course, but not nearly so difficult as it is made out to be. When considering the play in the singles it should be borne in mind that a wet Pine Valley is easier to play than a dry Pine Valley, and yet we find in the first rounds of the singles that only three of our team could do better than 79 strokes for this round and that three took over 80, including Peters and Bentley, who put up the best (?) performances on our side. The scores recorded in matches are never very reliable, as we find that the recorders nearly always err on the side of leniency, so we can safely presume that some of our players took even more strokes than they are credited with; when one man has already won a hole the recorder is apt to concede the opponent very missable putts. Thomson was beaten by 3 and 2 and all the other seven by large margins.

WE could never have expected to win this match, but we had every right to expect to be represented by a team that was likely to put up a reasonably good show. There is no question, as the scores prove, that our so-called representatives played extremely badly, even for them. This is the first occasion on which no member of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society has taken part in this match, and also the first time we have failed to score a single win. I suggested earlier in the year that L. G. Crawley, Major W. H. Aitken, P. H. F. White and John Burke should play, and if they had done so I am sure we would have put up a reasonably good show and most certainly have broken our duck.

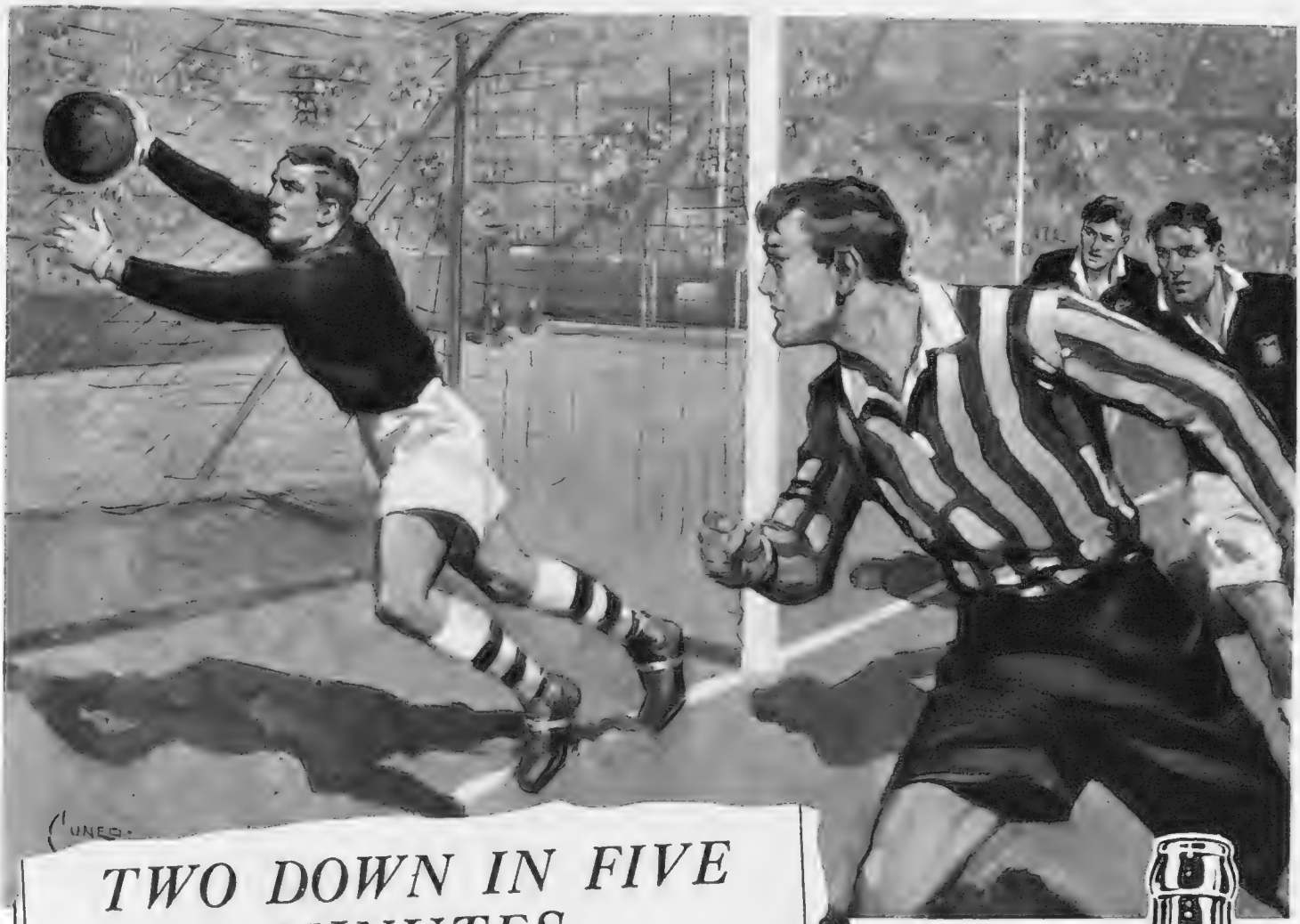
Blunders by the selection committee, ably supported by ridiculous travelling arrangements, were largely responsible for the pitiful exhibition of our team.

A Banner With a Sad Device

Alec Hill and Cecil Ewing, seen with American George Voight and a notice saying "U.S., 5 Up," managed to halve their foursome against Voight and Givan in the cataclysmic Walker Cup match in which Britain didn't win a game

Golfing at the Gleneagles Hotel

Richard Wellesley with his parents, Lord and Lady George Wellesley, brother and sister-in-law of the Duke of Wellington. Lady George Wellesley is the sister of Sir Maurice FitzGerald, twenty-first Knight of Kerry



TWO DOWN IN FIVE MINUTES

By The FOOTBALL CORRESPONDENT

SCHWEPPES Tonics proved a great draw at the 'White Hart' last night. Keen, clean and bubbling with life, they scored twice in less than five minutes and then managed to pass a third inside. Towards closing time the opposition (who had been heading for other drinks than Schweppes) found themselves with no inside left and heavy charges had taken a lot out of them. On this sparkling showing I have no hesitation in predicting that Schweppes Tonics will remain at the head of the table.

Schweppes

By Appointment

THE COLDER YOU DRINK IT, THE BETTER

Long-Distance Air Adventures

By Charles Ward

Via Atlantic

THE amazing Mrs. Markham has proved once again that a flight against long odds can be made successfully, given first-class instruments and a reliable engine. Of course her navigation was perfect, but then, she would not have attempted the flight without that confidence in herself which is essential for all solo ventures. The "Vega Gull," with the unfailing Gipsy engine, adds another to a long list of credits. Incidentally, both solo Atlantic flights from East to West by women have been made on this type, Miss Jean Batten's crossing to South America last year being also a record. Mrs. Markham's Gipsy used "Stanavo," a favourite spirit for the ocean journey; also Patent "Castrol" to oil the works. It is hoped that the "Gull" will be returned in time for the Schlesinger Race, for which it has been entered by Mr. John Carberry. By contrast with the "Gull's" flight, that from America in a Vultee Transport by Richman and Merrill is chiefly of technical interest. The 'plane is all metal and powered with a Wright "Cyclone" of approximately 1000 horse-power. News items of interest were the "smuggling" of 40,000 ping-pong balls inside the wing, and the inability of the Welsh cows to eat the metal 'plane after its forced landing. By the time these notes appear it should be safely home again in New York.

"Canopus," first of its class, lying at anchor off Short Brothers' slipway at Rochester. Twenty-nine of these flying-boats, each of 4000 horse-power, will link England with Africa, America and the Far East. Imperial Airways expects that "Canopus" will go into service on the Mediterranean next month

Youth in the Air

UNDER the young pilot's scheme organised by the Air League, no less than sixty-seven "A" licences have been secured. Another sixty-nine are in training but funds are needed to keep up the good work. Unilever has offered £20 to the League for every one of its employees who wishes to avail himself of the opportunity to fly cheaply. Other firms with views of similar practicability should write to the Secretary-General at 19, Berkeley Street, W.1. Another youthful enterprise, C. L. W. Aviation, has seen its first-born take the air with great distinction. The 'plane is an all-metal monoplane trainer with a specially good speed range of about four to one.

Notes for the Diary

ON Saturday next, the 19th, the annual race from London to Cardiff will be flown, and on the same day there is a Three Counties race from Hereford. A display is to be given at Hanworth on Sunday at which the London Air Park Club will be at home. Hanworth itself is now a public place, in the sense that club facilities require no entrance fee or subscription. Flying takes place on a big scale. Blackburn's have their second reserve school in full swing and there are Autogiros, Monospars, "Swallows" and "Eagles" on test or demonstration every day. The great event of the month is the race to Johannesburg, starting from Portsmouth on September 29th. The entry from de Havillands has been withdrawn, the firm being too busy with R.A.F. contracts, airliners, and development of the "Albatross" for trans-Atlantic mails.

Horse-Power — Imaginary and Real

By The Earl of Cardigan

I SEE that one of my colleagues has been complaining, in print, of the unreasonable way in which many modern cars are designated as "Tens" or "Fifteens" or "Twenties," when often such designations do not represent the true rating of their respective engines.

There is no doubt at all that such a complaint has a great deal of justice in it. I have one case in mind of a car being given a designation which is deceptive to the extent of 4 h.p. It is a small car—so that the degree of error between its implied and its real rated horse-power is in the region of 25 per cent.!

I SHOULD simply hate to be thought of as a supporter of the R.A.C. or Treasury formula for calculating the horse-power of an engine. It is probably the most futile formula that has ever been devised. On the other hand, it has acquired in the course of years some definite meaning in the mind of the ordinary motorist. Tell him that a car is a "Fifteen," and you are quite plainly leading him to suppose that it incurs the £11 5s. tax.

We are all aware, I suppose, that the actual power developed by a British 15 h.p. engine is *never* 15 h.p. It may be 40 or 50 or 60 h.p. The R.A.C. rating can give us no clue to this. It is not even based on the volume of the cylinders. It expresses neither true engine power nor true engine size.

In many ways, I rather like the good old system of describing a car as a "14/40" or a "30/98." It may be clumsy, but it conveys a perfectly definite meaning. The first figure represents the fictitious horse-power on which the car is taxed. The second figure gives the actual power which the engine of the car is capable of developing.

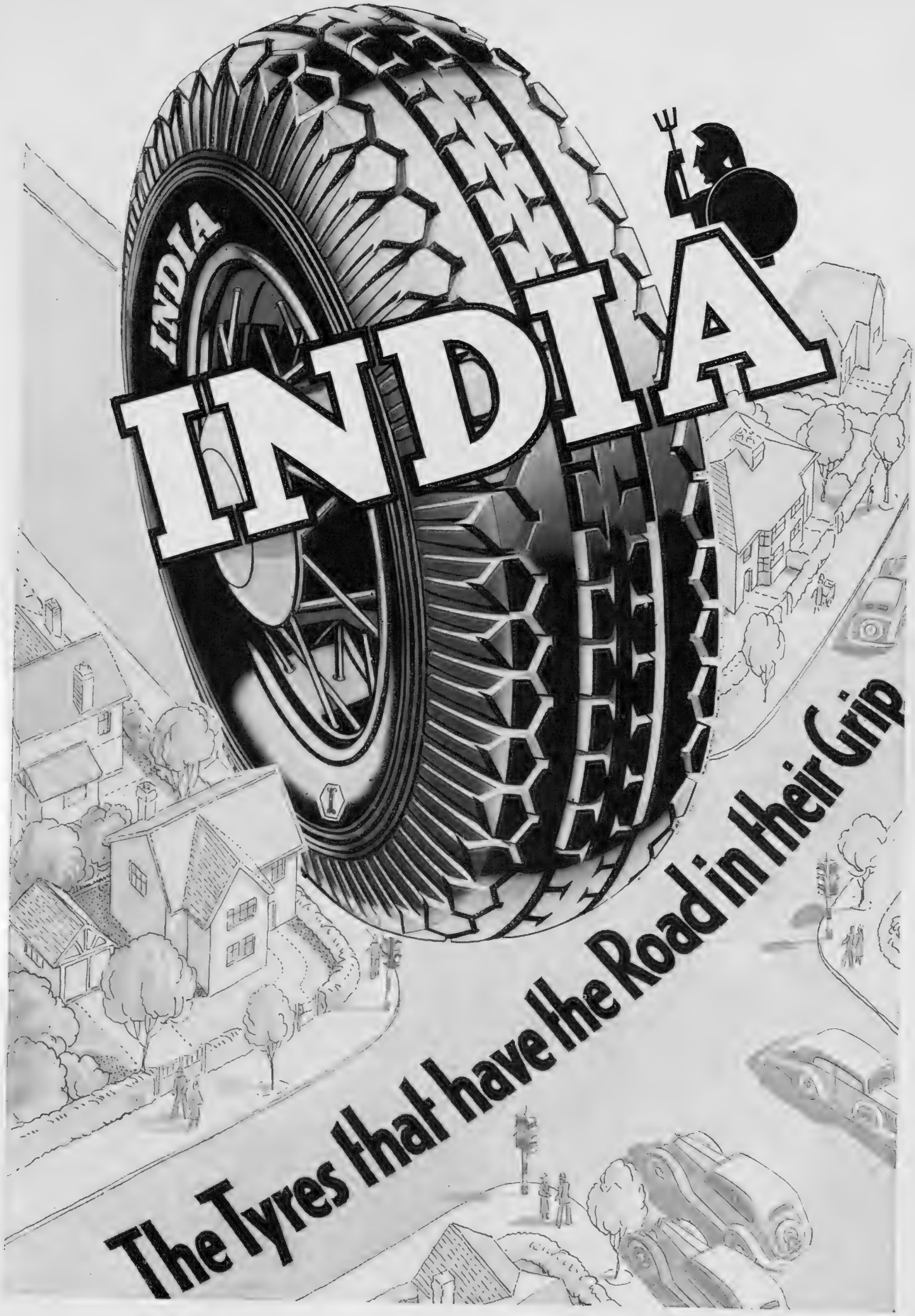
Again, there is a lot to be said for the system now adopted by the Ford Motor Co. This is to give a car any convenient name—*e.g.*, the "Popular" Ford, and put in brackets (£6 tax) or whatever it may be. If anyone wants to know the actual power developed, he can have a trial run and form his own estimate. That is fair enough.

TALKING of Ford products, a remarkable car is the new "V-8" Ford (£16 10s. tax) which has just been announced. This may be described as a revised version of the 22 h.p. "V-8" which was introduced last year; but it has not merely been modified—it has been completely redesigned.

In its new form it is a slightly more compact car than formerly, and the new engine gives it a very impressive performance. A top speed of 75 m.p.h. is easily attained, and, as we all know, the "V-8" type of engine has a fine reputation for acceleration.

Only one model is at present being produced—the four-door saloon, which sells at the uncommonly reasonable price of £210. This is probably the lowest figure at which an eight-cylinder car has ever been offered—and the de luxe model with leather upholstery costs only £5 extra.

The new Ford "V-8" (tax £16 10s.) is a roomy car with a good reserve of power and pleasing lines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Summer Sport

(Continued from page 498)

of Wales as its patron, and only after Jackson's day did the promoters step in, and with them the squared fights and the trickery which gave the game an unsavoury reputation which still seems to cling to it.

I have no doubt, though, that a great many people will go to Wembley in November when Len Harvey fights John Henry Lewis, the American negro, for the light-heavy-weight championship of the world. Harvey is a fit man, immensely powerful and crafty, and he may very well win the title. It is, at any rate, significant that a front-rank American boxer should think it worth while to come to England to defend his title—a sign of the times, indeed.

TALKING of America, I won't go back to the painful subject of the Walker Cup match (it 's the pitching and putting that lets us down every time—that, and insufficient intensive match practice—the old, old story) but, rather more cheerful, as I write Fred Perry is forging ahead towards winning the American lawn tennis singles, and Kay Stammers is in the women's semi-finals. Maybe by the time you read this our lone fighters will have taken it on the chin, but I have an idea that Perry is set for victory. He never was more desperately keen to win, and when Perry is keen the pace is hot. If he does win, I imagine the offers to turn professional will come pouring in again, and this time Perry may conceivably accept. No one would blame him if he did.

They are rather indignant in America, incidentally, about the fact that the L.T.A. only sent Perry and Miss Stammers to represent Great Britain in the American Championships. In some quarters it is felt to be a slight, though that was never intended. It would be a little awkward, though, if the Americans retaliated by refusing to send any players to Wimbledon. We may pride ourselves on the unique importance of the Wimbledon meeting. We may pat ourselves on the back, and say that Wimbledon is the home and headquarters of lawn tennis. We should look rather silly, for all that, without the American entry. More important still, the gate receipts would drop heavily.

THIS international sport grows very complicated. How pleasant it must have been in the days when games were played just for fun! In due course we shall have to have our Ministry of Sport to deal with all the problems which crop up, and to see that we are adequately represented by efficiently trained athletes. Then if we are beaten at least we shall have no excuses, and that will be a profound relief. The arguments about Great Britain's showing in the Olympic Games still rumble on. A suggestion has been made that England should start preparing already for the Rugby football tour to South Africa in 1938. Baseball is being worked up lavishly as a counter-attraction to cricket. So it goes—the sporting racket. Next week, kind reader, I shall leave it alone, and write about Rugby football. We have a domestic season before us. No touring teams. Nothing but a peaceful uneventful, unimportant, sensation-free winter of happy mud-larking. It sounds like heaven to me.

"Tauber Night" at the White City

At a recent greyhound racing meeting at the White City, races were named after Tauber's famous songs. Mr. Tauber, seen with Brig.-Gen. Critchley (centre) and Mrs. Richard Tauber (Diana Napier), will sing at Covent Garden to-morrow in aid of charity

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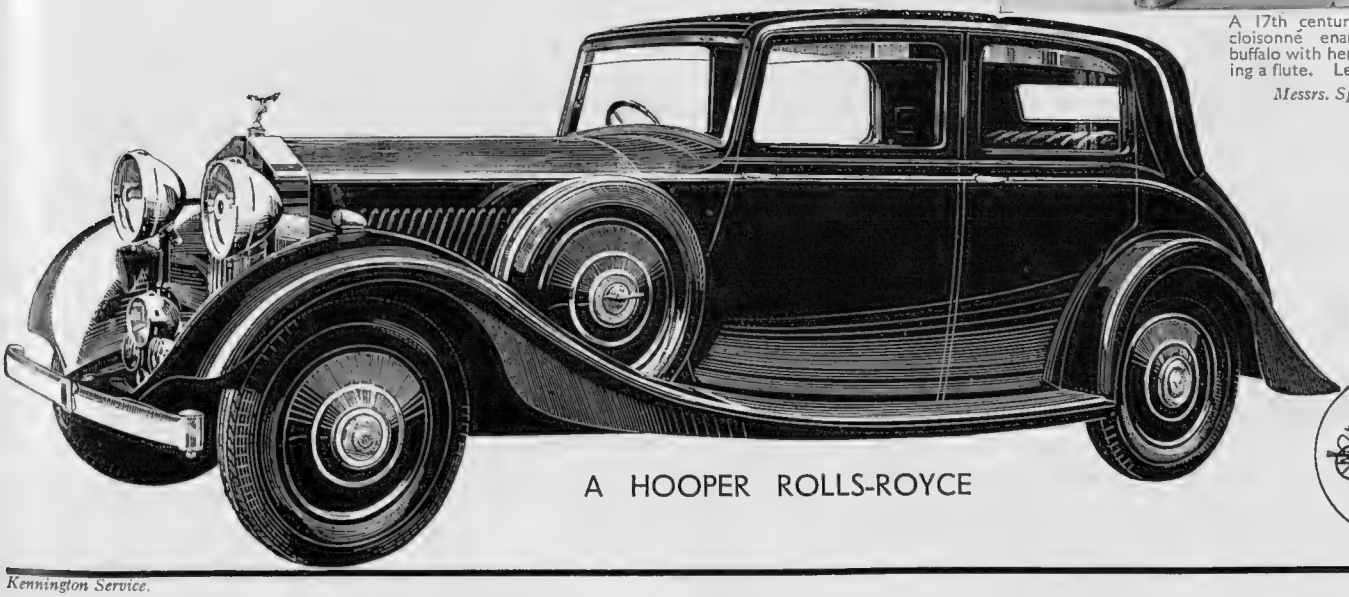
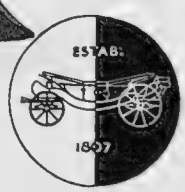


A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE



Kennington Service.

The 18th Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges *(Continued from page 501)*

of course, chief of these, the Stringer Senior Scratch Challenge Cup went to an English "Old" girl, Miss Diana Fishwick, who added a gross 73 (three below L.G.U. par) to all her other triumphs of the summer. Peggy Edwards took second scratch, after a tie with Sonia Swinburne-Johnson, but Dorothy Thomson had the junior division handicap prize; Jean McClure, the youngest competitor, aged thirteen, the junior handicap with 104—36=68; Ethel Anderson the junior scratch with 87; and Hazel McGlashan and the welcome visitor from South Africa, Daphne Martyn, the greensomes with a marvellous 5 up on nine holes.

The night before that there had been a delightful dance at Stoke Court, which, of course, had to include an eightsome reel, in which the pianist, the hummer who taught her the tune, and the father whose yells were absolutely sur-realist, came off with top honours.

On Wednesday, the Championship itself began, with a lovely still, warm day, enough thrilling matches to please even the most ardent of referees and to reduce parents to shreds. The very first match off was one of these thrillers, for Monica Parnell, with a handicap in the 'teens, chased the low-handicap Angela Noble to the 19th green, forcing her to sink a two-yard putt to save defeat at the 18th, and only losing at the 19th with a self-laid stymie. Two newcomers, Dorothy Drew and Betty Easton, fought out the next match, the former surviving 3 and 2 and in the next round playing so well that she chased Peggy Edwards to the last green.

In the morning, Peggy was practising such cruelties on Pamela Purchase as a 3 at the 2nd, by dint of which she turned 3 up, and won 6 and 5. Behind them came Sonia, the younger of the Vagliano's, holing long putts all over the place—one for a 2 at the 7th—and so getting home 4 and 3 from Pamela Dering, whose mother used to play for Ireland when she was Miss Judy Boyd. Peggy Smeeton won by the same margin from Olive Sullivan, but the experienced Pam Shand, Derbyshire Champion, was very firmly held by Ethel Anderson, who celebrated her first round in her first championship by reaching the first hole in two great shots. Pam could only beat her by 2 and 1. Joan Negretti was hitting an enormous ball, and stringing bogeys together so that she achieved a 6 and 5 win from Muriel Coxall, who will happily live to fight many another day, as she is only fifteen. Behind them came another of the surprising matches, Jacqueline Gordon, aged seventeen, losing the first four holes to Diana Stephens, who is only thirteen, getting 1 up at the 15th, only to lose the 16th to a holed chip, and struggling home, extremely shaken, 1 up.

In the second round, Lally Vagliano set a high standard by getting out in 38, after which Audrey Taylor stuck well to an almost hopeless position and only allowed Lally to win 6 and 4; Jessie Baxter had good figures, too, to beat Joan Hives, who hits a long ball, 6 and 5; and Joan Pemberton kept up her reputation, if not quite the figures, by beating Fiona Morris 5 and 4. Again Joan seemed a well-seasoned little golfer who ought to go far. Mary Cowan took every chance offered her by a new entrant, Kathleen Davey, and so won by 8 and 6; Angela Noble had another terrific struggle, this time playing many shots better than she had been doing, but even so only getting home 1 up from Anne Garnett-Heywood.

The sensations of the afternoon came late. First of all the complete out-of-formness of Peggy Bullard, who had been given a morning walk-over, and so had no chance to play herself in. Jacqueline Gordon, stimulated by her morning fright, leapt at the chance, was out in 39, and won by 6 and 5. She is a girl of repute, but the next unexpected conqueror, J. F. Halbert, is a debutante so humble about her game that, on hearing she had drawn Sonia Swinburne-Johnson, she considered a practice round would be quite useless, went sight-seeing in Windsor instead—and then proceeded to make her first round of the course a win from one of the favourites 1 up! Such is golf. All credit to her for taking her chances; her long game and her recoveries from bunkers were splendid; all credit, too, to Sonia, for taking the unexpected with a smile, and hanging on to the last green after being four down and five to go.

The baby of the Championship, Jean McClure, did as well as she could hope to, though Jeanne Brooks beat her 7 and 5; Dorothy Thomson, out in 38, better than she can have hoped with a 6 and 5 win from Waveney Beesley; May Love a 4 and 2 win from Daphne Martyn, who, like her Port Elizabeth clubmate, Miss Betty Frost, was unlucky in failing to strike her form over here, and Jean McIntyre a typically plucky win at the 19th from Anne Harrison, on whom she had never been up till that moment. Jean hits the ball a huge way for fourteen years and not a very great many inches, and her 4, 4, 2 for the 14th, 15th, and 16th were figures to be proud of. Even then, the 16th was only halved.

At the end of the draw came Sheila Stroyan with a bye, and a walk over, a most unsatisfying start to any championship. How she will end it remains to be seen and written next week.

For here is post and press time, and all is still in the melting pot.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

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To fastidious people the regular use of Listerine Brand Antiseptic has become an essential part of the daily toilet.

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Of all chemists 1/6, 3/- and 5/6 a bottle. Made in England

What's On

(Continued from page D)

MUSIC

RICHARD TAUBER.—Recital with Ellen Ballon and the L.P.O. (under Beecham), in aid of the Islington and Finsbury Housing Association: Covent Garden, Thurs., 17th, 8.30.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

TO-NIGHT, 16TH: Bach-Handel concert; Handel's Concertante in C, and excerpts from *Theodora*, *Alcina* and *Alessandro*; Bach's third and fifth Brandenburg concertos and piano concerto in D minor.

THURS., 17TH: Mixed concert, with May Blyth and Cyril Smith (piano); Grieg's piano concerto in A minor, Weber's *Euryanthe* overture, Vaughan Williams' London Symphony.

FRI., 18TH: Beethoven concert with Norman Allin and Helen Perkin (piano); *Coriolan* overture, Eroica symphony, piano concerto in C.

SAT., 19TH: Mixed concert; Wagner's *Rienzi* overture, Handel's largo, Beethoven's fifth symphony, Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz."

MON., 21ST: Wagner concert, with the B.B.C. chorus, the Philharmonic choir and eleven soloists: largely excerpts from *Parsifal*.

TUES., 22ND: Mixed concert, with the B.B.C. chorus; Constant Lambert's Rio Grande, Tchaikowsky's Pathetic symphony, Handel's *Solomon* overture, Elgar's violoncello concerto (Thelma Reiss).

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

NATIONAL BABY SHOW.—Crystal Palace (till 19th).

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS' EXHIBITION.—Royal Institute Galleries.

BUILDING EXHIBITION.—Opens to-day at Olympia, with "New Homes for Old" Exhibition in the Gallery (till 30th).

SPORT

In and Out of Town

FRI., 18TH: Windsor races (two days); finals, *News of the World* £1250 golf tournament; Greyhound "St. Leger," Wembley.

SAT., 19TH: 500 miles race, Brooklands; Greyhound "Oaks," White City; finals, Brighton tennis tournament

MON., 21ST: Leicester races (two days)

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Florence Desmond is the cabaret attraction, with Kenneth Broadberry at the piano; dancing to Lew Stone's band.

CARLTON.—No cabaret, dancing and dining only; extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The "Midnight Laughter" show with Steve Geray and Magda Kun starts to-morrow; dancing to Jack Jackson's band; extension, Thursday.

FLORIDA.—No cabaret, but Len Haye's band plays for dancing.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Sid Lipton plays for dancing; no cabaret yet; extension, Thursday.

LONDON CASINO.—The Folies de Femmes cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

MAY FAIR.—The Jardin Fleuri Cabaret has Russell Swann to compère; Joe Kaye plays; extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—Cabaret at midnight. Van Straten's band plays and there's the copper floor: extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Dining only all this week; dancing and cabaret start on Monday.

SAN MARCO.—Jimmy Rogers entertains at the piano; Maurice Winnick's band plays.

Starting Thursday Sept. 17

The Dorchester

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STEVE GERAY ★ **MAGDA KUN**

First appearance in Europe of

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REFILLS 3/6

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"PASTEL" is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips, it gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth that is truly amazing and alluring!

TATTOO

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition: Monthly Spoon Competition

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive, fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. purposes are eligible. One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the Scratch Score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

Cards must be sent to reach the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, so as to reach her not later than the first day of the month following that in which they were taken out.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER Handicap Spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

August Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Above or below S. S.
Mrs. O'Rorke	Portsmouth	84	18	66	73	7 below
Mrs. A. R. Crane ..	Harrogate	80	13	67	74	7 ,,
Mrs. Eirene Berryman..	Walmer & Kingsdown	81	13	68	74	6 ,,
Mrs. G. H. Jeary ..	Dulwich & Sydenham Hill	87	18	69	75	6 ,,
Miss A. Wharton ..	Royal Calcutta ..	78	10	68	73	5 ,,
Mrs. Theodore Green ..	North Berwick ..	85	14	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. E. Roberts ..	Withington	85	16	69	74	5 ,,
Miss D. Boam	Bulwell Hall.. ..	81	16	65	70	5 ,,
Mrs. Patricia Shaw ..	Ashford Manor ..	89	18	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. E. Swinscoe ..	Dore and Totley ..	71	Scr.	71	75	4 ,,
Mrs. Tillett	Oakdale	76	4	72	76	4 ,,
Miss M. Williams ..	Sherwood Forest ..	77	7	70	74	4 ,,
Mrs. J. Bratby.. ..	Hale	77	9	68	72	4 ,,
Miss L. Farnworth ..	Northenden	85	16	69	73	4 ,,
Miss Mary Moore ..	Stratford-on-Avon ..	78	6	72	75	3 ,,
Mrs. R. Goodwin ..	Heswall	83	13	70	73	3 ,,
Mrs. L. T. Davies ..	Rugby	86	17	69	72	3 ,,
Mrs. MacConnell ..	Oakdale	91	18	73	76	3 ,,
Mrs. T. M. Graham ..	Cheadle	78	12	66	68	2 ,,
Mrs. Wardrop	Woodhall Spa ..	85	13	72	74	2 ,,
Mrs. Squire	Sudbury	86	14	72	74	2 ,,
Mrs. C. J. S. Garner ..	Huyton	85	14	71	73	2 ,,
Mrs. Newell	Didsbury	86	15	71	73	2 ,,
Miss B. Best	Cleethorpes	85	15	70	72	2 ,,
Mrs. Haynes	West Bradford ..	85	16	69	71	2 ,,
Miss Nan Duncan ..	Stonehaven	73	5	68	69	1 ,,
Miss D. C. L. Bacon ..	Stoneham	85	12	73	74	1 ,,
Mrs. Bayley	Sudbury	88	15	73	74	1 ,,
Miss D. R. Wooding ..	Kingsthorpe ..	82	8	74	74	All square
Miss Troup	Northampton ..	84	8	76	75	1 above

Scratch Spoon awarded to Mrs. J. B. Watson with 68 gross, 1 below the par of 69 at Gullane No. 3 course, which won no handicap spoon as she carried a penalty of plus 2.

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Above or below S. S.
Mrs. Percy Cozens ..	Aston Wood.. ..	90	27	63	76	13 below
Mrs. Norbury	Stratford-on-Avon ..	99	36	63	75	12 ,,
Mrs. C. D. Chew ..	Withington	89	26	63	74	11 ,,
Mrs. Godley	Malden	97	31	66	75	9 ,,
Mrs. Ivor Birts.. ..	Walmer & Kingsdown	96	30	66	74	8 ,,
Mrs. A. J. Herne ..	Ashford Manor ..	88	19	69	76	7 ,,
Miss A. Monk	Bramhall	87	19	68	75	7 ,,
Miss E. R. Spackman ..	Northampton ..	91	23	68	75	7 ,,
Mrs. D. M. Ewin ..	Chilwell	90	24	66	73	7 ,,
Mrs. J. J. Slater ..	Tamworth	90	25	65	72	7 ,,
Miss P. Woods	North Wales.. ..	101	35	66	73	7 ,,
Mrs. Brocklebank ..	Northenden	102	36	66	73	7 ,,
Mrs. Walter Pyman ..	Barry	102	35	67	73	6 ,,
Mrs. J. Riley	Wilpshire	89	19	70	75	5 ,,
Miss E. C. F. Macdonald	Aberdeen	90	25	65	70	5 ,,
Mrs. Alwyne Evison ..	Great Yarmouth and Caister	99	29	70	75	5 ,,
Mrs. P. S. Robinson ..	West Bradford ..	95	29	66	71	5 ,,
Mrs. C. King	Chilwell	98	30	68	73	5 ,,
Mrs. O. M. Baker ..	Cleethorpes	87	19	68	72	4 ,,
Mrs. Nicol Smith ..	Aberdeen	91	25	66	70	4 ,,
Mrs. Cheney	Kingsthorpe ..	97	29	70	74	4 ,,
Miss J. M. Hall.. ..	Chilwell	104	35	69	73	4 ,,
Mrs. Rawdon Briggs ..	Didsbury	105	36	69	73	4 ,,
Mrs. Jenny G. Okell ..	Mere	106	34	72	75	3 ,,
Mrs. B. Wiles	Worsley	107	36	71	74	3 ,,
Mrs. Mostyn	Sale	98	27	71	73	2 ,,
Mrs. Birch	Port Sunlight ..	95	35	60	62	2 ,,
Mrs. Langston	Royal Calcutta ..	92	19	73	73	All square
Mrs. Davies	Northampton ..	112	36	76	75	1 above
Mrs. Stewart	North Hants.. ..	111	34	77	73	4 ,,

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON SEPTEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

The "Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(15th Year) Ranelagh, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1936

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Roehampton, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1936

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 18th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 18th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1935 or 1936, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ¾ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

FORUM CLUB HOSPITALITY

The Forum Club, 6, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, most generously give Honorary Membership to all competitors during the Autumn Foursomes. As bedroom accommodation is limited, those wishing to avail themselves of this privilege by staying there should apply as soon as possible to the Secretary there. Visitors' tickets for other competitors will be obtainable from BYSTANDER officials at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

A COCKTAIL PARTY

kindly arranged by the Sports Section of the Forum Club, will be held there on Thursday, October 8.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1936 **No Entrance Fee**

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, September 18th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address .....

..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address .....

..... *Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

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Turn this Wrap inside out to make it a completely different garment. A two-in-one idea to suit your mood. It is tailored in dull reversible artificial silk with a wool finished woven self-coloured stripe. Docile in travelling as it is so easy to pack. In rose/saxe, wine/rose and turquoise/peach.

30/-

Sent on approval.

Getting Married :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Mrs. Betty Shelford

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Deuchar, of Dissington Hall, Dalton, Northumberland, and widow of the late J. McNeil Shelford; she is engaged to Douglas Reinhold, younger son of Mr. C. G. Reinhold, of Abberley, Worcestershire

Lenare

Katherine Eliott-Lockhart

Is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. P. C. Eliott-Lockhart, D.S.O., and Mrs. Eliott-Lockhart, of Frogs Hill, Newenden, Kent; she is engaged to Captain William Alexander Gimson, son of the late W. D. Gimson and Mrs. Gimson, of Chelmsford

Bassano

Helen Borrer

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Borrer, of 21, Tite Street, Chelsea, and is engaged to Robert Mervyn Craske, third son of the late Lt.-Col. John Craske and Mrs. Craske, of Birr, King's County, Ireland

Lenare

Elmslie Deborah Green

Is engaged to Nigel Thomas Tibbits, younger son of Vice-Admiral C. Tibbits, and the late Mrs. Tibbits, of Titchfield, Hants.; she is the elder daughter of the late Brigadier-General H. C. R. Green and Mrs. Green, of St. Lawrence, Winchester

Lenare

Mary Gow-Smith

Of 35, Queen's Gardens, W.2, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Gow-Smith, is engaged to Captain William Henry Percy-Hardman, son of the late Captain W. H. Percy-Hardman and Mrs. Hardman, of Uxminster, Devon

Bassano

Bassano

Gertrude Crichton-Browne and Mona Crichton-Browne

Gertrude and Mona Crichton-Browne are the twin daughters of Mrs. A. R. Crichton-Browne, of 54, St. John's Wood Road, N.W.; they are to have a double wedding next year: Gertrude Crichton-Browne to Ronald Ewen Patrick, son of Captain and Mrs. Patrick, of Burlington House, Swanage; Mona Crichton-Browne to William Dudley Ponting. Both fiancés are in the Royal Scots Fusiliers

Lenare

Deborah Jenkinson

Announces her engagement to Dr. Henry Dreyfus, of the Hyde Park Hotel, London; she is the only daughter of the late Captain John Banks Jenkinson, and Mrs. Algernon Langhorne, of Bear's House, Wentworth, Surrey

Hay Wrightson

Betty Knight

Is the elder daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Lionel Knight and Mrs. Knight, of Chawton House, Alton, Hants.; she is engaged to Duncan Alexander Dennistoun Begbie, of 153, Newmarket Road, Norwich

Lenare

Susan May Macnaghten

Is engaged to Duncan Oppenheim, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Oppenheim, of The Orchard Huyton, Lancs.; she is the eldest daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. E. B. Macnaghten, of Haygates, Finchampstead

Lenare

Diana Kayser

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Kayser, of Eaton Hall, Retford; she is engaged to Keith David Erskine, son of Sir James and Lady Monteith Erskine, of 7, Eccleston Square, S.W.1, and Gordon Lodge, Sussex

Bassano

Sheila Harvey

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. David Harvey, of Sutton, Hull; she is engaged to Sisson Sidney Hart Sitwell, elder son of Sir Sidney Sitwell, of 25, Old Broad Street, E.C.2, and Lady Sitwell

Collins — Yarwood

Seymour John Collins, of 69, Melbury Court, W.8, second son of the late Arthur Collins, married Nancye Yarwood, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Yarwood, of Northwich, Cheshire, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

Scott — Brancker

At St. Michael's, Chester Square, Alan Dudley Scott, son of the Hon. Osmund and Mrs. Scott, of High Broom, Crowborough, Sussex, married Thea Brancker, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sefton Brancker, of The Croft, Crowborough

Bodington — Ellis

Jocelyn Riviere Bodington, only son of Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Bodington, of Danmark House, Winchester, and Wendy Ellis, younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. P. H. Ellis, of Emlyn Lodge, Cobham, Surrey, were married at Cobham Church

Parker-Jervis — Burrill

Robert Parker-Jervis, eldest son of the late Major E. M. Parker-Jervis and Mrs. Parker-Jervis, of Farndon Hall, Cheshire, and Lucy Burrill, only daughter of Maj. and Mrs. W. E. Burrill, of The Green, Masham, near Ripon, were married at Masham Church

Right:
Mrs. M. Graham is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Joseph, of Bonville, Porthcawl, and was Ruby Joseph before her marriage at St. Paul's, Swansea, to Malcolm Graham, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. William Graham, of Hillcote, Sketty, Swansea

Mrs. Malcolm Graham

Williams — Trevor

R. Lawrence Williams, eldest son of Col. Lawrence Williams, of Parcian, Anglesey, and Meriel Trevor, only daughter of the late Frederick Pelham Trevor and Mrs. Trevor, of Plas Trevor, Llansadwrn, Anglesey, were married last month at St. Mary's, Beaumaris

Hunt — Mowbray-Green

Lt. John Hunt (60th Rifles), only son of the late Capt. C. E. Hunt and Mrs. Hunt, of Eastbourne, and Joy Mowbray-Green, youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Mowbray-Green, of 198, Rivermead Court, S.W., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Picton-Phillips — Green

Capt. Peter Picton-Phillips, son of General Picton-Phillips, and Joan Green, daughter of Admiral Sir John Green and the late Lady Green, of Hill House, Dunfermline, Fife, were married at Stockton Church, Norfolk

White — Style

At Boxley Parish Church Lt. Richard White, R.N., second son of Sir Archibald and Lady Woollaston White, of Trewhitt Hall, Morpeth, married Gabrielle Style, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Style, of Boxley House, Maidstone

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

September 16 — September 22

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.20. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—A thriller of the best type, alive to its last kick; Ralph Richardson, as the amazing doctor in pursuit of psychological data, gets tangled into an amusing bunch of crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle, well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE COMPOSITE MAN.—Ronald Jeans' light touch and witty dialogue turned to a satire which they almost fit; Richard Bird and Diana Churchill lead convincingly: Daly's, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

FAREWELL PERFORMANCE.—Mary Ellis is the star of this H. M. Tennent piece; décor by Motley: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—Revival of the Capek Brothers' lepidopteran satire on human activity; Edmund Willard is the tramp: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LADY OF LA PAZ.—Lilian Braithwaite dominates the stage as her rôle dominates the play—full-blooded acting of a hearty part, with Nova Pilbeam as one of her troublesome offspring: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play goes on and on, with Clifford Bartlett, Marjorie Mars, and Viola Tree acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.—Tyrone Guthrie produces the first of the Vic season, with Margaretta Scott and Ernest Milton: Old Vic, 8.0. Sat., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—From the French play of Deval, who wrote *Tovarich*; Noel Coward produces, Isabel Jeans, Greer Garson, Madge Titheradge, and Cecil Parker lead: Wyndham's, 8.30.

MISS SMITH.—Simple, lively story telling about a governess-girl who takes a family in charge; Olga Lindo interprets her sympathetically; also Phyllis Konstam and Julien Mitchell: Duke of York's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.40.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Rex Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—Noise, rhythm, colour, speed and more than a pinch of wit combine to make this show, as usual, breath-taking in the extreme; if you like these things, you 'll love it: Lyceum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello's musical with himself, Zena Dare, Dorothy Dickson and Walter Crisham in it: Drury Lane, 8.30.

LILAC TIME.—Last three days of the old Schubert favourite; Helen Gilliland, George Graves, Charles Mayhew, and Maria Minetti in the cast: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with some stirring scenery by Ernst Stern and plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

REVUEDEVILLE No. 81.—Don Galvan, the Mexican troubadour, returns, Paddy Browne is a newcomer, there 's a "September Morn" tableau and an Olympic Games sketch: Windmill, 1.20 to 11.30, non-stop.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Last days of Herbert Farjeon's wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, Madge Elliott, and Cyril Richard in it: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE 'EM WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan's musical which toured so successfully last spring: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—The Farjeons' comedietta is a gay, romping piece and the best bit of gentle satire on Victoriana ever seen; musical, too, with a long, strong cast: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town—and deserves it—with clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

The Dictator

The dictator of the yellow ants is one of the lepidopteran characters who satirise human activities in the Capek Brothers' "Insect Play," which Nancy Price has revived at the Little Theatre

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that detonates various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspense and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FUGITIVES.—A typical and topical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convinicng, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Felix Aylmer is the North Pole hero; and his wife, Carol Goodner, doesn't care for him, nor does Rex Harrison care for heroism; the slight plot of these Arctic interactions is a frame for lively acting and dialogue: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LAUGHTER IN COURT.—Ridiculous plot does not put any strain on the witty and facetious dialogue, which is unrolled to perfection by Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire and Edmund Breon: Shaftesbury, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome character play, with a new cast (Esmond Knight, Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer), is at the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING TIDE.—Overwhelmingly optimistic, this piece showers good fortune round the stage, upon landlady Louise Hampton and her brood of lodgers; go to be cheered up: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

First Nights

GIRL UNKNOWN.—Lucie Mannheim stars in this Ferene Molnar play produced by Owen Nares; set in Trieste: New, To-night, 16th.

CERTAINLY, SIR!—George Robey, Mackenzie Ward, and Renée Houston lead in this piece by the authors of hilarious *Please Teacher* and *Yes, Madam*: Hippodrome, Thurs., 17th.

LET 'S RAISE THE CURTAIN!—Kurt Robitschek's big revue at the Victoria Palace: Mon., 21st.

CINEMAS

ACCUSED (British).—Dolores del Rio, Florence Desmond, and Douglas Fairbanks, jr., in a good back-stage murder drama: London Pavilion.

AS YOU LIKE IT (British).—Elisabeth Bergner as Rosalind, Leon Quartermaine as Jacques, Lawrence Olivier as Orlando; generous display of talent in first British Shakespeare film: Carlton.

ESCAPE ME NEVER (British).—Revival of Bergner's light soufflé from Margaret Kennedy's book: Curzon (from Monday).

THE GHOST GOES WEST (British).—Revival of the Clair-Korda hilarious satire: Curzon (till Sunday).

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD (American).—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's giant biographical spectacle stars William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Luise Rainer, and is lavish to suffocation: His Majesty's, 2.15 and 8.15.

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE (American).—Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are stars of this sophisticated potboiler: Empire.

IT 'S LOVE AGAIN (British).—Attractive Jessie Matthews dances charmingly through a blithe take with Sonnie Hale and some fine sets; Victor Saville directed: Tivoli.

THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES (British).—H. G. Wells' whimsical tale makes a convincing film with Roland Young as the miracle-worker, Joan Gardner and Ralph Richardson: Leicester Square.

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (American).—Capra's clever new film with more than a turn of satire and wit; Gary Cooper at his best; also Jean Arthur and Lionel Stander: Regal.

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL (American).—Shirley Temple's third film here this "summer" shows her as a lost child-heiress adopted by vaudeville folk; five new songs and some dances are hers: New Gallery.

SECRET AGENT (British).—The Maugham *Ashenden* film, with Peter Lorre, John Gielgud, and Madeleine Carroll, has a pre-release revival: Marble Arch Pavilion.

SONG OF FREEDOM (British).—Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch in a powerful racial drama set in London and Africa; fine songs by Robeson: Plaza (from Friday).

SYLVIA UND IHR CHAUFFEUR (Austrian).—A Viennese soufflé with some good music, Olga Tschechowa and Leo Slezak: Academy.

(*Continued on page* iv)

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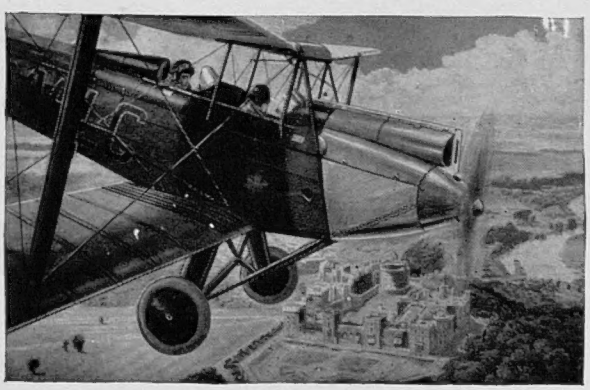

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